Week ending July 6 1957 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Is world-class tennis too ruthless?

by ANGELA BUXTON

Complete stories by LIONEL DAVIDSON, STUART CLOETE and WILLIAM BRANDON

CHRIS CHATAWAY continues his own dramatic story of his exciting life

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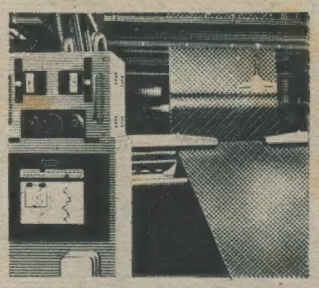

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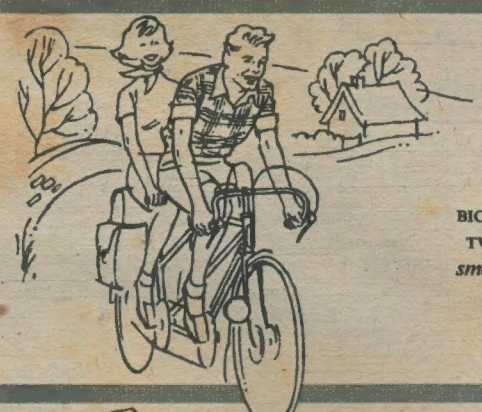
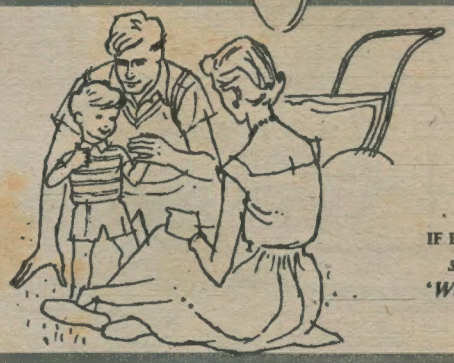


BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO? *Ask for the smart new 'World' flask No. 15 Standard*



IF BABY MAKES THREE : *settle for the Major 'World' size, No. 1515*

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Thermos 'WORLD' flasks all have the exclusive lock-on polythene stopper, most effective flask closure ever designed.

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JOHN BULL

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CHANCERY 3344 JULY 6, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2662

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Angela Buxton—now she plays tennis for fun

THE trans-Atlantic plane touched down at Idlewild Airport, New York. A tall, attractive girl dressed in an athlete's track suit stepped out and began to run round the car park. Passengers cheered her on and the airfield announcer interspersed his routine messages with a commentary on her progress.

The girl was Angela Buxton, the British tennis star. She explained: "I had an hour to kill at Idlewild before flying to Miami for a tournament. If I hadn't snatched some exercise there I might well have arrived out of condition."

Training and travel and big-time tournaments have crowded Angela's life since she started playing championship-class tennis three years ago. At twenty-two she has already seen most of the world's glamour spots and, playing tennis, has followed the sun to tournaments all over Europe, to the Middle East, India, North and South America and the Caribbean. It's a thrill-packed but hazardous existence, as she explains in her article on page 12.

Since she chose tennis rather than music for a career, Angela has shaped her life round the sport. At her Regent's Park flat she designs her own tennis dresses; Althea Gibson, the American player, has been staying there since she arrived for Wimbledon.

When injury forced Angela to rest from the game, she concentrated on her off-court career—as public relations officer for a West End sports store and as a television commentator. Recently she started playing left-handed tennis—for fun. If courage and determination mean anything she will be fighting again for a Wimbledon title next year.

MONSIEUR LE DUC, the wily villain of *Mother Minot And The Little Birds*, which begins on page 21, is a split personality. His creator, William Brandon, put him together from two real-life acquaintances, one English and the other Swedish. "Both of them were entertaining and both were crooked."

Brandon, who is forty-three, has written several Monsieur le Duc stories, some of them a year or two ago while staying at Salcombe, South Devon, in a house belonging to his friend and fellow American, Paul Gallico. Now he and his wife and daughter live in California, after many moves about the United States and abroad.

Four years ago Brandon went to France and lived in St. Paul de Vence, in the Alpes Maritimes, a small town which is very popular with tourists. He spent Christmas Eve there and enjoyed *Gros Souper*, the festival which figures in his latest story.

Afterwards Brandon's daughter, twelve-year-old Mary Jane, walked in procession through the streets with fellow pupils from the village school. Mary Jane proved to be almost as astute as Monsieur le Duc. "She charged tourists a shilling to take photographs of *une vraie petite provençale*—a real Provencal girl."

Now proved by a multitude of men . . .

the best shave ever!

They all agree . . . Max Factor's done the greatest job for men . . . with miraculous, press-button Lazyshave. The fastest, the easiest, the all-round finest shave a man has ever had. Join the hosts of men who cheer the latest, greatest-ever way to shave!

. . . the quickest, of course!
No brush, no fuss . . . just press the button and smooth on that thick, rich foam. *Immediately* your bristles are softened.

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With Lazyshave your razor seems twice as sharp . . . no tugging . . . no dragging. And afterwards your face feels smoother, cooler, fresher.

. . . and economical too!
Lazyshave is super-concentrated and you need so little for a perfect shave. There's months and months of superb shaving in every pack.

MONTHS AND MONTHS OF SUPERB SHAVING FOR ONLY 6/3

MAX FACTOR FOR MEN

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Free Speech

- **A woman's view on men's responsibilities**
- **French won't trouble our scientists now**
- **The label that keeps a policeman happy**

WHEN my husband and I are invited out to an unattractive social engagement he invariably says, "Why should we go?" and I reply, "I really think we should."

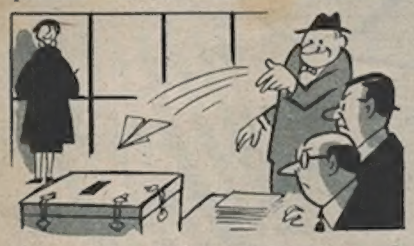
In my experience, my attitude is typical of women, and my husband's attitude is typical of men. For women will always put responsibility before inclination; their sense of duty far exceeds that of men.

The results of this masculine deficiency abound around us today in the form of unofficial strikes, racketeering and business slothfulness. It is man's same lack of responsibility which is turning postwar Britain into a second-rate country.—MRS. J. T., Rotherham.

Plain Mr. X

As usual, flimsy voting papers were used at the recent local elections. Although I did not mark my paper heavily, when I folded it for insertion into the poll box the "X" was plainly visible through both the reverse sides of the paper.

When I mentioned this to the poll clerk he admitted that it was often possible for an onlooker to discern



the position of the voter's cross, and thus deduce the chosen candidate.—J. S., Leicester.

"The quality of the voting paper is not specified by law," says the Home Office. "But there is nothing to stop the voter folding it as many times as he likes—or even screwing it into a ball—as long as the official embossed mark on the back can be seen by the presiding officer."

Ici On Ne Parle Pas . . .

After failing the eleven plus examination some years ago I went to a secondary modern school, where I was fortunate enough to be allowed to sit for the General Certificate of Education at the Ordinary level in eight subjects—which did not include a foreign language.

I passed in all eight subjects and went on to take a science course. Then I found that universities require matriculation standard in a language from internal and external degree students, so I had to start learning French on top of my other work.

Now, as the examinations approach, it seems as if I shall have to neglect one of my science subjects to concentrate on French, which I hardly need to become a scientist. Isn't it time that universities considered students in my predicament, and made allowance for the lack of a foreign language?—J. DIXON, Gilesgate Moor, Durham.

Like most universities Oxford and Cambridge still require the foreign language qualification for a degree course. But beginning this year, anyone enrolling at London University for degree studies in any subject outside the faculties of arts and music need not have either a classical or modern language qualification.

Rutherford College, Newcastle, and Sunderland Technical College are the nearest colleges to Gilesgate Moor which cater for a University of London external science degree.

Laughing Craftsmen

Your correspondent R. S. of Birmingham, who belittles craftsmanship ("Free Speech," May 25), chose an unfortunate example to support his case when he advanced the instance of being able to buy a car with "cheap, replaceable mass-produced parts." The reason given by insurance companies for raising their premiums on modern cars is "the higher cost of repairs to modern cars, as compared with the older type of coachwork."

Old-time craftsmanship may be dying out, but such results of the modern craze for modernity ensure that we craftsmen will die laughing. —F. L., Derby.

Laughing Housewife

Your cover picture of the husband wrestling with the folding push-chair (JOHN BULL, June 1) made me laugh. When my husband took our two-year-old out by himself for the first time I gave him detailed instructions about how to handle a picnic basket, a push-chair and a child when getting on and off buses. I know from experience that the conductor usually goes upstairs when this happens, and that passengers are equally unhelpful.

But my advice was unnecessary. Because he was a man and looked incompetent, people fell over themselves to help.—MRS. H. R., Harrow, Middlesex.

Name The Fee

In reply to your article "Are Our Doctors Underpaid?" (JOHN BULL, June 1), I should say that they are definitely not if everybody has the same experience that I had recently.

I took a passport form and an international vaccination card to the doctor for his signature, and I was

charged 5s. for the passport form and 10s. 6d. for the card. Friends of mine, who have different doctors, have been charged from 3s. 6d. to £1 11s. 6d., but my husband and his mother and father were not charged anything.—MRS. B. F. PROSSER, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

"Doctors are entitled to charge a fee for these signatures," says the B.M.A. "But as there is no scale laid down they can charge what they like—or nothing at all."

. . . General practitioners don't realize how well off they are. They don't have to buy practices, and the cost of their equipment is negligible. My husband has a university degree and a licentiate in dental surgery from the Royal College of Surgeons, and we are struggling to live.

We are buying a partnership on a fifteen-year mortgage, and we have had to sell our car to keep up the payments. On our present income we can clothe our children only with the help of their grandparents. Although my husband works hard, his fees do not keep pace with rising costs.

We have had no holidays since my husband was a student. We can rarely afford to go out, and we have no television set.—MRS. I. A., Sussex.

Someone Likes Them

We policemen didn't ask for the label "wonderful" ("Free Speech," June 8)—we had it thrust upon us.

But adulation won't bring the police state any nearer. When we're hectoring on horseback or testy with teenagers, take our collar numbers and your complaint to the nearest blue lamp.

There is, however, another label that some of us do value: it comes unbidden from the most unexpected persons. It came again the other night, after we had given some small service, off duty and very late, to a citizen. "You chaps are the last responsible public servants left," he said. "Have a drink."—POLICE-SERGEANT R. J., Essex.

Our Liquid Assets

The article "Danger Mark for Britain's Water" (JOHN BULL, June 1) did not point out that from 1939 to 1950 there was relatively little capital expenditure on water supplies, for reasons quite outside the control of the water supply industry.

The very nature of the works involved in expanding water supplies means that a period of years must elapse before completion, but from now on an increasing number of schemes begun in the early 1950s will begin to mature.

It is also worth pointing out that, while ninety-seven per cent of the population of this country has a piped water supply, comparable figures for France and the U.S.A. are fifty per cent and sixty per cent respectively. —M. A. LIDDELL, Secretary, The Water Companies' Association, London, S.W.1.

. . . In France shower baths are in much more common use than in this country. On an average it is possible to have two or three showers for the same amount of water as for one bath. So a shower not only saves water, but money spent in heating it as well.—A. BILLSON, Brindley Road, Bilborough, Nottinghamshire.

Three's A Crowd

Is there any significance in the fact that the figure three appears in a lot of old nursery rhymes and tales—three blind mice, three little pigs, three bears, three bags full, three wise men of Gotham, and many more?—MRS. K. TRAPP, Wolverley, Kidderminster, Worcs.

"There is no rational explanation. It is probably because three is just a number that comes easily to mind," says a psychologist.

Sounding Off

My sister has a hearing aid, and when she is not wearing it, she puts it in a drawer in her room. Quite often she forgets to switch it off

before putting it away. Her small dog, however, soon reminds her, by running backwards and forwards to the drawer and whining until she switches the hearing aid off.

What can the dog hear?—MRS. E. M. TAYLOR, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

"The dog can hear sound waves which may be beyond the range of normal human hearing," says an ear specialist. "These sound waves are produced by a hearing aid if there is any movement in a room."

For The Record

For years and years I have been searching the records of local and county cricket clubs for a total in which the score of every batsman, and the extras, has run into double figures or more. Indeed, I have failed to find one match in which even the eleven batsmen have reached double figures. — THOMAS MOORE, Wingate, Co. Durham.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

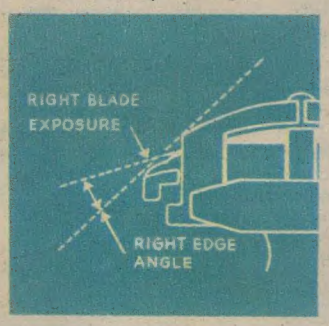
REALLY, it's too bad. How often has he promised to redecorate that room? How many weary afternoons has *she* spent in search of just the right wallpaper and colour scheme? And now, when it looked as if her patience would at last be rewarded, he plays truant. . . . But for him to desert his country now—at the very moment when its Test players are locked in mortal combat! Why, that would be the basest treachery. Not even at the office could he have allowed himself to sink so low. After all, says cover artist Chittock, a man has his pride.

Big change in Gillette razors

NOW 'TAILOR-MADE' TO SUIT YOUR SKIN AND BEARD

GILLETTE to-day announce the biggest change in their razors that has taken place for many years. It is now possible for men to choose a razor from the new Gillette range that is designed to match every type of skin and beard. Whether you have a tender skin

that is sensitive to the razor, an average skin and beard, or a beard that bristles like barbed wire, Gillette claim that one of these three new razors is just right for you.



The secret lies in three things. The angle at which the blade meets the bristle, the amount of blade edge exposed, and the weight of the razor. These razors are built with the precision of a scientific instrument. Both the shaving angle and blade exposure are set to 1,000th of an inch to give exactly the right angle and exposure for every type of skin and beard.

Just in time for the Holidays

These new razors are in the shops now just in time for your holidays. And what better time to replace an old razor which must have suffered from being knocked or dropped or used as a tin opener! And what better time to look really fresh and clean shaven than when you're away on holiday.

The price is 7s. 6d., and as well as a Superspeed razor you get a 6-blade Dispenser, with a used-blade compartment. The case with spring loaded transparent lid opens at a touch.

Now's the time to choose your new razor and slip it into your holiday case—so you won't forget in the rush of going away.

A great improvement . . .

TOM GRAVENEY, of Gloucester and England, hits hard . . . and speaks straight.

He was among the first to try the new Gillette Superspeed razor.

And his decision: "These new Gillette razors are a great improvement. I've chosen the Medium razor—it gives a wonderful shave that lasts me right through the day."

"I've always liked the fresh feeling you get from a good lather-and-water shave. So when I use a Blue Gillette blade in my new Superspeed razor I reckon there's no better way of shaving. And I notice this: After days spent under the hot sun when my face tends to get a bit more razor conscious than usual, this new Gillette shaves me clean with never a sign of drag. For summer shaving especially, the new Gillette is IT."

TOM GRAVENEY

"If you care for your appearance you should certainly get hold of one of these new razors right away. But make sure you choose the razor that is right for your particular type of skin and beard."

Shaved or well shaved?

SOME people have tried other methods of shaving and found them wanting. Why?

Because they've found that nothing leaves you feeling as clean and refreshed as a good lather-and-water shave. There is a reason, of course.

Lather gets into the pores of the skin, brings the hidden grime to the surface . . . and the blade whisks it away with the bristle.

The makers state that with a sharp Blue Gillette blade, a good lather and the right choice of razor from the new range you cannot fail to remove the whiskers at skin level and get the closest possible shave—a shave that will give your face a feeling of freshness and last right through the day. You don't need a second go-over in the evening when you shave the new Gillette way.

Say

Sea-Esta

for the best value in Airbeds

For extra holiday pleasure, for real comfort out of doors, for a strong, well-made airbed that will last for years—say Sea-Esta. The Sea-Esta Loch Lomond (illustrated) costs 53s., the supersided Glen Almond 68s. 11d.—but see the full range of models and colours at your Sports Dealer or Camping Specialist. Sea-Esta Pump 9s. 9d.
Sea-Esta Airbeds are twice tested and guaranteed. Made from strong, *repairable* fabric and natural rubber (no synthetics), so accidental punctures are no problem. Matching patches supplied free.

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Fun in the sun or on the water

FOR CARAVANS

An Extra Berth or Extra Comfort

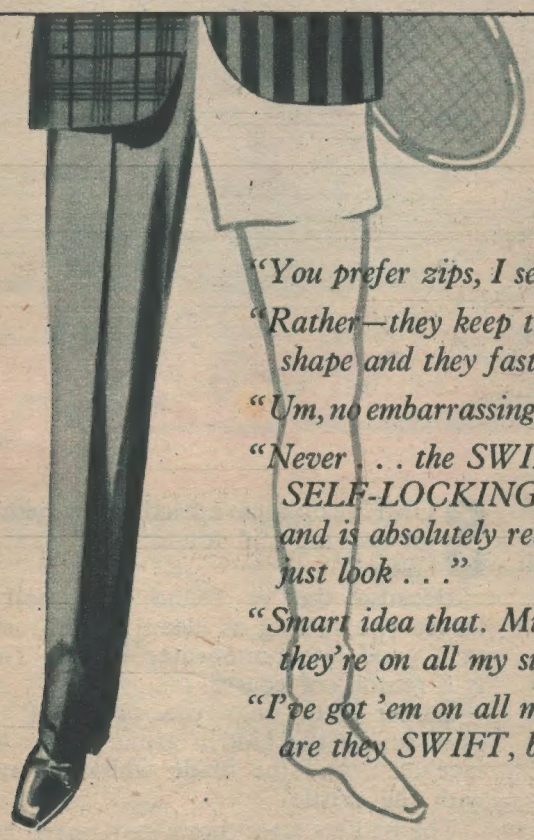
FOR CAMPING

Indoor Comfort Out-of-doors

Last year, eight world-wide expeditions exploring some of the roughest, toughest corners of the world from the Antarctic to Mount Everest chose Sea-Esta Airbeds.

'Sea-Esta' is the Trade Name of George MacLellan & Co., Ltd., Glasgow, N.W., who will supply any further information on request.

overheard in the changing rooms



"You prefer zips, I see."

"Rather—they keep trousers in good shape and they fasten securely."

"Um, no embarrassing moments, eh?"

"Never . . . the SWIFT is a special SELF-LOCKING fly fastener and is absolutely reliable, just look . . ."

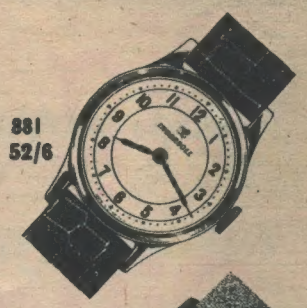
"Smart idea that. Must see that they're on all my suits in future."

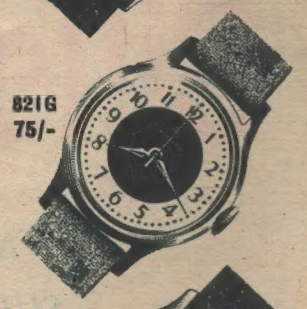
"I've got 'em on all mine. Not only are they SWIFT, but they're sure!"

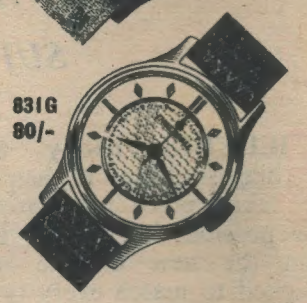
SWIFT *SELF—LOCKING* TROUSER—FLY FASTENERS

FLEX FASTENERS LTD., DINAS, RHONDDA, GLAM. Z8A

There's an Ingersoll for everyone!







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A sturdy, reliable Ingersoll is the ideal holiday watch, and the perfect gift for that examination prize.
And remember—every Ingersoll is covered by the famous all-in free-service GUARANTEE—*even against accidental breakage.*

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Ladies' Ingersolls now from as little as 79/6, men's from 52/6. Sturdy pocket watches from 27/6, including centre seconds models, gilt half-hunters and sports timers.

Jewels are essential for wrist watch accuracy. That's why your Jeweller recommends jewelled Ingersoll.

Over 100 models up to £10.

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NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED • NO OUTLAY

Everybody buys Christmas Cards—they need no persuading. Simply show the sample book—the cards sell themselves.

SAMPLE BOOKS FREE

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JONES, WILLIAMS & CO. Dept. D.1, Victoria Works PRESTON, Lancs.

Daisy lay back, a little drowsy. It was still and warm, and the air was heavy with the scent of the clover

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Daisy Girl

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

She wanted kisses and cuddles . . . but he was thinking of his book-keeping lesson

MR. MULHOUSE stood by his study window looking down at the red roses in his garden glowing in the dusk. The window was open, and from far away on the heath he could hear the faint roar of the fair. He was in a mood of gentle melancholy.

It was a Friday night, the doctor's night to call for a chat and a knock at the brandy. Mr. Mulhouse did not look forward to this visit. The doctor was a cynical man, with a great way of showing that a man was a mixture of chemicals that kept him in a kind of unreasoning St. Vitus's dance throughout his life. Mr. Mulhouse had no desire to be told this tonight.

The fact was, he had woken that morning with a strange sense of emptiness about his life. He had lain in bed gazing upwards at the

ceiling, shocked to discover that whole years were expunged from his memory; wiped off the slate; gone like the food he had eaten.

He missed his wife most keenly at that moment. She had always been able to remember with extraordinary accuracy the details and sequence of events. He had tried a couple of years at random: 1924 and 1936. In the first he had a recollection of opening a factory; in the second he thought he had travelled round the world for discussions with the branch managers. He could not remember exactly; he had no idea what else he had done in these years.

He sighed as he heard the front door closing and footsteps on the stairs. He switched on the standard lamp so that the doctor should not catch him brooding in the dark.

"Well, now," said the doctor. "How are we? Mrs. Morris tells me you're off your food today."

"Does she, the old gasbag. Ah, it's nothing. A little out of sorts, maybe. To tell you the truth, I've been brooding over my misspent life."

"A worthy one, I would have thought, full of honest industry."

"I wish I could remember more of it. That's the trouble. I couldn't tell you what I've done most of the time."

"Don't let it worry you," the doctor said, smiling and settling himself in a leather chair. "*Tempus edax rerum*, you know."

It was Mr. Mulhouse's well-established custom to ask the doctor to translate such Latin tags as he dropped from time to time; but he had no desire tonight to know the meaning of any of these doom-like and worldly phrases. Indeed, he said: "Help yourself to the brandy."

"Thanks," the doctor said, reaching for it. He continued, smiling: "I'm more for old Omar myself; cups of wine, sweet oblivion, paradise enow, et cetera, et cetera—and I imagine the crowd out there would agree with me." He nodded at the open window, through which some change in the breeze now brought quite clearly the strains of a steam organ from the fair.

Something about the sound, wheezy, mechanical, affected Mr. Mulhouse in a curious way. He held his head on one side, listening to the steam organ as the doctor poured the brandy. He couldn't quite, *quite* place it. And suddenly, between the doctor pouring the brandy and setting the glass to his lips, he felt the hairs on the back of his neck bristle.

A name swam into his mind, and he spoke it silently. *Daisy*. The smell of a baker's shop; a ride on top of a steam tram; a girl in a striped blouse in a meadow. . . .

His little pointed beard dropped in a sudden smile of radiance and affection, seeing the whole of it at that moment. How could one possibly forget?

Daisy!

He was sixteen, living at home at Rooper's Bridge. He worked in the office at Blundell's mill where his father was chief clerk. He was a thin boy, rather serious, rather shy; an only child.

In the middle of April that year the ice suddenly thawed, the sun shone, the birds sang. It was spring. He didn't know what to do with himself. He had a new belted jacket and he put it on and went out walking, looking for love. He didn't know where he would find it. He had never had anything to do with girls. He was frightened of them.

He sauntered round the streets, looked in shops, in the library. The beauty of the girls made him tremble. He thought of them all day and dreamed of them at night. Each day, as he laced his boots, he wondered if fate meant him to meet a girl today. He wondered if, in some other part of the town, a girl was not going through just such motions and yearning to meet a boy like him; a quiet, refined girl, not too good-looking—but with a figure.

At four o'clock there was a fifteen-minute tea break at the mill. He collected the bread on his way back from dinner at one. On a fine day early in May he went to the baker's and clanged the bell, and he felt something like an electric shock run up from his boots. Mrs. Mallory, tall, thin, irascible, was not behind her counter. A girl was.

He stood by the door and gaped at her. He said stupidly: "I'm from Blundell's. I've come for the bread."

"Oh, yes. Twelve loaves in a basket. They're under here. I don't know if I can lift——"

He flew behind the counter. "Oh, please, let me."

She was in a green overall, a lovely little thing. Her eyebrows were quite pronounced, the eyes brown and lively.

He said: "Have you come to work here?"

"Yes. I've just come up from the country. Mrs. Mallory is my auntie."

As she said this she smiled, and her eyes elongated like two dates, and the effect of sparkling warmth made his stomach turn over. His lips were dry and for the life of him he could think of nothing to say.

"Well," he said, "I'll be in again tomorrow." He picked up the basket and hurried out.

All afternoon he thought of the girl. That night he could barely eat his supper and escaped quickly to his bedroom. He had his correspondence lesson in book-keeping to do, but he could not settle to it. He could think of nothing but the girl, and of her eyes narrowing into sparkling slits when she smiled.

Next morning he counted the hours and the minutes until he would see her again. He couldn't think of anything else. He couldn't keep still. He felt a little sick. At one o'clock he went to the shop. The girl was there smiling at him, her eyes sparkling slits.

"You're from Blundell's, and you've come for the bread," she said comically.

"Aye," he said. His lips were rubbery. He felt himself walk like a marionette behind the counter to lift the basket for her. He stood there, terribly conscious of her and of the empty shop and the smell of bread.

"Whereabouts in the country do you come from?" he asked stiffly.

"Over Orpenshaw way. My dad's a farmer."

"Have you been here before?"

"Twice. But I don't know anyone here."

His heart was thumping so hard he could scarcely continue, but a certain doggedness in his nature made him bore blindly on. "Have you had a walk round yet?"

"Not yet. Uncle said he would take me, but he usually sleeps during the day, because of the night baking."

"Aye, well," he said, bending over the basket, for now he dare not look at her. "I usually go for a walk every evening. If you've got nowt else to do, perhaps you'd like to come along."

Silence. A dreadful, lurching feeling of vertigo went through him. She was shocked, embarrassed—he knew it. *Get out, get out*, every nerve in his body urged him.

"Any time," he said faintly, and picked up the basket. And instantly the girl leaned swiftly over the counter.

"Thanks very much," she said in a low voice. "I'd love to. It's just—I've only been here two days. I don't know if Auntie will let me. Can I let you know this evening?"

"Yes, right, of course. When I pass by," he said, after one incredulous moment.

"Just a tick," she called softly as he blundered out. "What's your name?"

"Ben. Ben Mulhouse."

"Mine's Daisy. Daisy Willis."

Daisy, he thought all afternoon. *Daisy. Daisy.*

They went for a walk two nights later, and

Now he did not feel numb with despair, but

after that two and sometimes three times a week. He saw her when he went to church on Sundays, and occasionally, if they all came out together, he walked home by her side with her uncle and aunt and a girl she had meanwhile become friends with, a rather plain cousin called Edie Willis.

This period must have lasted in all some seven weeks, for he remembered it was in the first week of July that the fair came to Rooper's Bridge, and it was the week before that they had gone on the picnic.

Edie Willis suggested the picnic; it was to be a foursome with Edie and her young brother, Albert, and Daisy and himself. But on the Thursday, two days before the picnic, young

instead he was warm inside with a rich, coursing anger. He put his hand on Daisy's arm. "You've not played fair with me," he said accusingly

Albert broke out in German measles, and Edie said she couldn't come.

Daisy stamped her foot in annoyance when she heard this, and he himself was in despair, for he had been looking forward greedily to the long hours with Daisy; he had never spent more than an hour with her. Sick with disappointment, he said, hoping: "Perhaps we could still go—only to the park, say? Your auntie doesn't mind you coming out for a walk with me."

"Oh, I don't think I'd better tell her," Daisy said quickly. "She's not all that keen on me going out as it is."

"But won't she find out? They'll know about Albert's German measles."

"They're not talking to Edie's family. I think it'll be all right. Let's do it," she said, her eyes sparkling in that way that made his stomach turn over with love.

So the picnic was a conspiracy from the start, and he would have her all to himself. He prayed that the weather would hold. And the weather did hold. The Saturday after Midsummer's Day was a great blue drowsy day; a day of swooning warmth, the best of that timeless summer.

He met her at the tram stop and took the carrier bag from her, and they sat on top, travelling to the end of the line and then walking on to Newlands.

Daisy wore a costume of turquoise blue, but it became so warm she took off the jacket, and underneath was a blouse striped in the same shade of turquoise. He took off his own belted jacket and walked in his shirt sleeves carrying both jackets and the carrier bag, and Daisy called him her coolie.

She was very gay; she hopped and sang and pulled at twigs so that, walking laden beside her, he felt himself too serious, too stiff. But he was delighted with her, intoxicated almost.

They came at length to the meadows, somewhat parched in the heat but thickly strewn with buttercups and daisies and clover; and quite deserted. It was a quarter to four. A little stream ran through the meadow and they walked by the side of it until it looped round to the verge of the wood again, and here in the

Continued on page 33

the light of the moon and be gone before tomorrow morning.

And none of this suited Cash the least bit. He was no more comfortable waiting down a hole like a badger, patiently and for ever, than the Kiowas themselves would have been. To him, as to the Horse Indians, the initiative was everything. A situation in which the enemy had all the choices as to when, how, and whether they should fight was intolerable to him. Every instinct Cash had was for attack—a clever attack if practical; or head-on, if that were the only way.

So now he had a different idea, and he judged he had better keep it to himself. He had developed a certain amount of reticence, even secretiveness, through having too many of his schemes sat upon as chancy and even ridiculous. Better not upset everybody and get a lot of arguments on his hands. Just do it.

He began by agreeing with Georgia that she must get home. The house would be safe enough while he rode with her a good part of the way—far enough to be sure she would make it safely, no matter what. He would be back in the latter part of the afternoon at the latest.

Meanwhile, Andy and Rachel were to stay forted up. He showed them how he wanted them to traverse the ridges and the cutbanks of the creek with the telescope sight of the buffalo gun, maybe two, three times an hour, until he returned.

Matthilda had gone back to sleep. Cash went and took a last look at her, assuring himself that she was indeed out of trouble. His fingers gently touched her hair, careful not to disturb her. Then he saddled for Georgia and himself, and started out.

By mid-morning the sun outside the portholes had a violence that took all the colour out of the prairie; everything showed in shades of white, and the distances shimmered. The heat would be slow to leak in behind the soddy's thick walls, but Rachel and Andy already went barefoot.

Rachel wore nothing but a starchless cotton dress, and Andy shucked off shirt and undershirt, keeping on only his pants. This would not generally have been thought decent among grown-ups, even in the same family. Rachel found it faintly consoling that Andy still felt they were only a couple of kids from the same litter, as though neither time nor anything that had happened had changed that for him.

They blocked up all the portholes except one in the end wall, one in Mama's room, and the two low ones in front. These, and the cracks in the split battle-shutters let in only a cool and shadowless twilight. The fumes of burnt black powder still hung acridly in the air, giving a strange edge to the smell of the wood smoke that had steeped everything for a long time.

MATTHILDA called faintly. Andy stayed on watch and let Rachel go, but his mother wanted him too. They stood beside her and held her hands.

She had a frail, bloodless look, as if she had been sick for a long time. Her words came to them in hardly more than a whisper, but her mind was clear.

"Where is Cash?" she asked them; and when they told her, she said: "Then the fighting is over, for now?"

They had not known until then whether she had been conscious during any of the firing, or had known that they were under attack.

"Be very watchful," Matthilda cautioned them. "They right often come back."

They assured her they were well forted-up, and on watch. Cash was sure to be back before night.

"The root cellar—be careful about the root cellar . . . so easy to dig into from outside. Of course you pegged the slide? But it was never strong enough. A bullet could come right through those thin boards."

Andy said stoutly that bullets could go two ways.

"You must rest now," Rachel said; but Matthilda held on to their hands. They didn't want to pull away from her fingers, so weak in their clinging.

"I may not be with you," Matthilda said, "when they come again. Something's wrong with me—just awfully wrong—inside. If I pass away——"

Rachel cried: "It isn't going to happen."

"I'm not afraid," Matthilda said. "It's only—I don't want to leave you." Her lip trembled, but only for a moment. She went on quietly and lucidly: "But maybe I must. Soon. If I do—you mustn't be afraid of my body. It will turn all hard and cold—but that won't be me. Just something discarded, like an old coat. You must think of me as all bright and new, some place not too far away. And wherever I am, I'll be loving you, always, always, with all my heart. Don't go away. Not yet."

She closed her eyes for a moment. Tiny beads of new perspiration on her forehead told them she was in pain, though her face was still. But, when she opened her eyes, her voice was steadier and she sounded more like herself than before.

"Some day, when your time comes to pass away—I want you to remember how it was when you were born. Mama was waiting for you, with all your little clothes made, and everything all ready for you, to take care of you."

Her eyes were turning slowly, from one to the other of them. She did not remember, now, that Rachel was not her own child; she was thinking of Rachel as having been born to her, as she had always wished it could be.

"So it will be again," she said. "Mama will be there. And I'll have everything ready for you, to take care of you, and make everything all right. So you must think of it as a glad new time. You mustn't be afraid."

Andy said softly: "I won't be afraid, Mama." Rachel could not speak.

Matthilda smiled at them, a wavering, gentle smile, without sadness; and she let their hands slip from her fingers as she closed her eyes.

They wondered whether they should heat up some of the brew Georgia had made. They were a little afraid of it, so long as Matthilda was able to rest without it. . . .

They watched and the sun climbed

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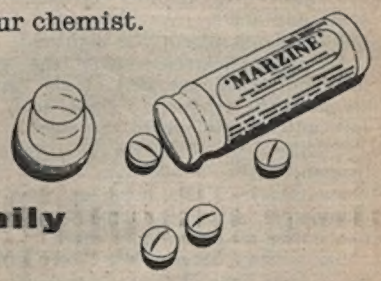

safe for all the family

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The net is emptied and the shrimps are sorted from the sea-bed miscellany. Then they are boiled in sea water aboard ship

have torn the mesh. The wrecks of bombers which crashed in the sea on the way back from wartime raids cause most of this damage.

Once, at low tide, a shrimp boat struck the submerged wreck of an aircraft and had its keel ripped clean off. "Another boat towed her back to Boston," says Darley. Investigations which led to the salvaging of the aircraft showed that it had crashed as a result of enemy action, a factor which precluded compensation for the owner of the shrimp boat.

At the best of times, when Darley and his companions successfully dodge the wrecks and the mussels and the boulders, the peregrinations and fickle character of the shrimp can still make him hard to find. The fishermen seek two types of shrimp: the brown shrimp, *Crangon vulgaris*, found in the shallower muddy waters of The Wash itself, and the more popular pink shrimp, *Pandalus montagui*, which inhabits sandy deeps off the mouth of The Wash.

The shrimp, the pink one in particular, has a habit of suddenly changing its abode from one sandy deep to the next, and, even more unnerving for the fishermen, of disappearing altogether.

"Last August Bank Holiday Monday," says Darley, "the shrimps disappeared completely and didn't come back for a fortnight, just as if they'd gone off for a holiday."

Darley goes shrimping round the clock, but almost invariably he catches more by night. By day the shrimp covers himself, except for his two black eyes, with sand, and the net has to prise or frighten him out of hiding. By night, however, he swims and walks abroad on the sea floor in search of food. "The shrimps are smart," says Darley. "Even at night they can see you coming. Many's the time, when catches have been small, that I've fished with my lights out and done much better."

PINK shrimps vanished from the Lancashire coast five years ago and have never returned. Last year, the brown shrimps disappeared, too. All through the summer only a few boats "scratched around" Lune Deeps, a trough in the sea-bed five miles out in Morecambe Bay, where every boat in the shrimp fleet had caught three hundred quarts a day during the previous season.

The fishermen blamed oil pollution and radio-active waste from Calder Hall power station. Fisheries research scientists suggested three different causes: overfishing; heavy bobbins on the shrimp nets smashing the honeycomb coral in which shrimps find their worm food; and the fishermen's failure to put baby shrimps back into the sea.

Jack Darley remembers 1949 as the worst of recent years for east coast shrimpers. The shrimps' disappearance that season prompted an investigation by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries research station at Burnham-on-Crouch in Essex. The scientists found an explanation for the pink shrimp's disappearance in its changeable sex life.

Male and female pink shrimps are born in equal numbers. The males reach maturity at approximately one and a half years of age, procreate and then, still growing, start to turn into females. Within a year they reach a transitional stage. Six months after that they lose all masculine characteristics and become fully grown females. But those born female do not change sex.

The resulting high proportion of females to males means that the rate of procreation can be easily upset. If, for instance, fishermen use nets which are too fine, they catch the smaller shrimps and reduce still further the number of males. The scientists added in their report: "It is not known why the male shrimps change their sex."

IN an average year, Darley, like the other shrimpers, sails four or five days a week for forty weeks. At other times, gales or fog make trips impossible or snow makes them fruitless.

"Shrimps disappear when snow hits the water," says Darley, "although they don't mind frost and cold winds. This year, we've had very little snow and we managed to keep going out pretty well all through the winter."

Shrimpers work long hours, and usually leave Boston two hours before the night high tide. The journey of seven miles down the River Witham and twenty-odd out of The Wash brings them to the nine shrimp grounds just after the tide has turned. Moving with the ebbing water at roughly two knots, they drag the trawl along the sea floor.

After about three hours Darley and his crew of two haul in the net with a capstan operated by the boat's diesel engine. They manhandle it on to the deck and tip out the contents: crabs, dabs, starfish, jellyfish, whiting, and—"if we've been lucky"—shrimps. They riddle the catch to sort out the shrimps, then wash them and put them into baskets. The catch may vary from ten stones to ninety. Then they throw the net again.

While Darley steers the boat, his deckhand, William Eastick, prepares to cook the first catch in a coal-fired iron copper amidships. Eastick boils the shrimps in sea water, with extra salt added, for three to four minutes, then puts them to cool in large net-bottomed trays which he sets out round the boat. When the shrimps have cooled, Eastick puts them in fourteen-pound bags. He cooks and bags the second catch on the way home. The average trip takes about twelve hours.

Darley's employers, owners of the Onward, are The Wash Inshore Fishing Company, a partnership between a Boston canner and A. F. Gostelow and Sons, one of the town's seven shrimp boat firms. The Onward and Gostelow's three-boat fleet meet the cannery's shrimp requirements first, then send the rest of their catch to Billingsgate.

The crew and owner of the shrimp boat divide the profits from a catch into nine shares: two for each member of the crew and the owner, and one for the engine. The shrimp fisherman's average earnings through the year are estimated in Boston at about £15 a week.

Operating the Onward costs £6 to £7 a day for nets, fuel, repairs and depreciation. Fifty-four feet long and fourteen feet in the beam she is distinguishable, like most shrimp boats on the east coast, by a quaint eight-foot iron chimney extending from her copper fireplace. She cost £3,000 when she was built just after the war.

Boston-born John Darley has worked on the shrimp boats for twenty-eight years and has been in turn deckhand, engineman and, for the past eleven years, skipper. He insists that the title skipper means little. "Bill Eastick, Cyril Revell, the engineman, and me work in together," he says. "We all do our share at everything."

As evidence of this, the three of them recently spent a morning sitting on the pavement outside Gostelow's boathouse, repairing and reinforcing the underside of their trawl with extra mesh and strips of inner tubing taken from old tyres.

Darley reckons that he will continue to go down to the North Sea for shrimps for a living for another twenty-odd years yet . . . "always providing, of course, that the shrimps don't up and disappear one night for good. And you never know with shrimps." THE END

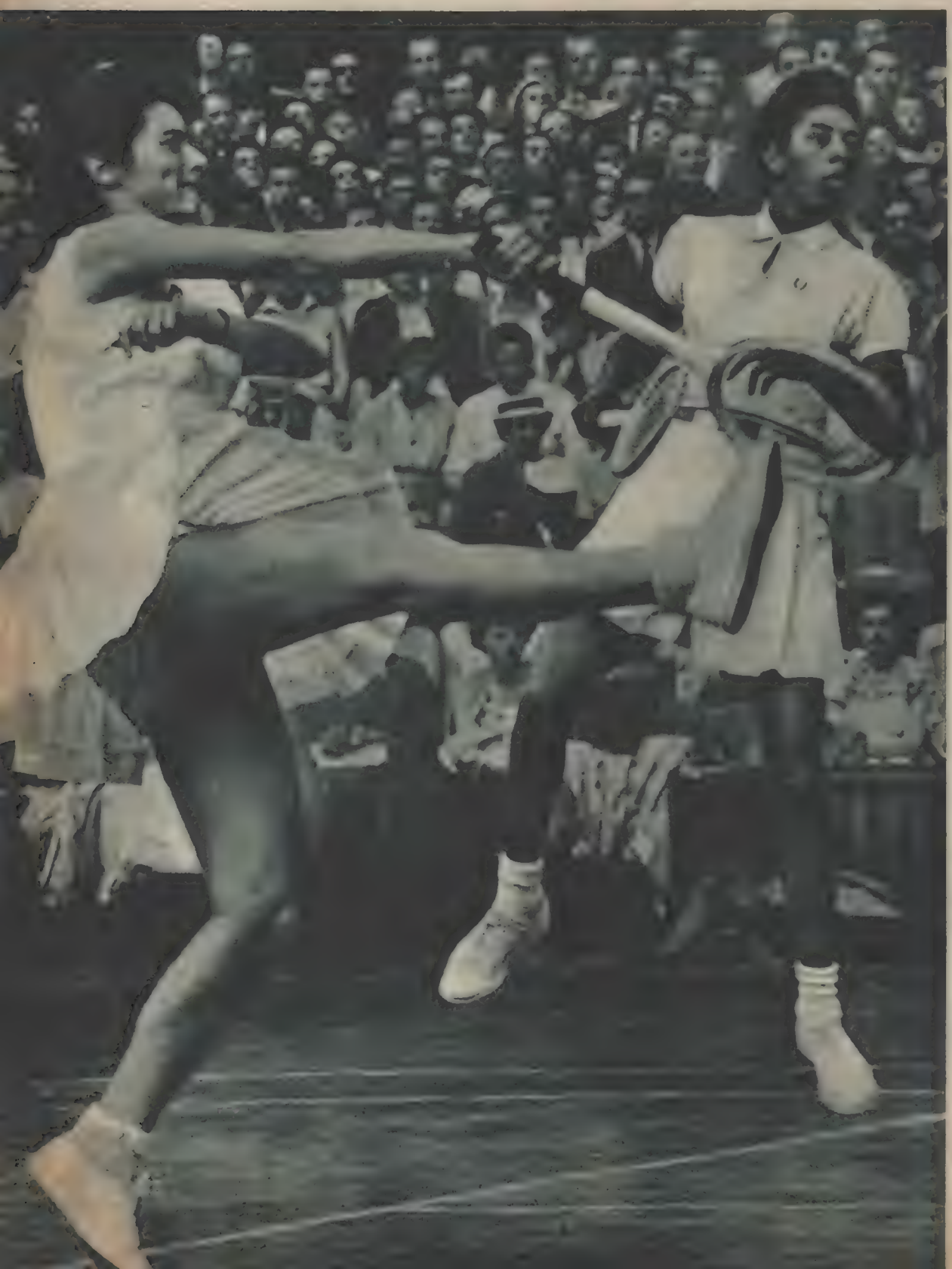
Shrimps being prepared for potting in a factory at Boston, Lincs. Overfishing has caused a shrimp scarcity in some areas

The end of the trail for the elusive shrimp. A plateful by the sea is the ideal way to eat shrimps, say some people. Others prefer them potted, fried, with a sauce, in cocktails, with scrambled eggs—or even curried

Could you last in big-time tennis?

by ANGELA BUXTON

It's a gruelling, non-stop world where no one can relax. And the strain may topple a champion overnight



Centre Court, Wimbledon . . . and all eyes are on the

ON the morning of August 7 last year, I opened my eyes in an hotel room at Orange, New Jersey, and sleepily focused on my right arm, lying on top of the sheet. At a range of a few inches it looked disfigured, a jelly-like mass. Surely that can't be my arm, I remember thinking dreamily, closing my eyes and trying to catch some more sleep. The next instant realization dawned, and I was fully awake, sitting up in bed anxiously examining my wrist. It was so badly swollen that it appeared distorted, as though it were broken and the bone had been pushed out of place.

That was the beginning. Since then, the arm has defied all treatment, has twice sent me home from foreign tours with it resting in a sling, and has kept me out of this year's Wimbledon championships. But that morning I was not particularly worried. I was in America with a British touring team and was due to play a match at one o'clock.

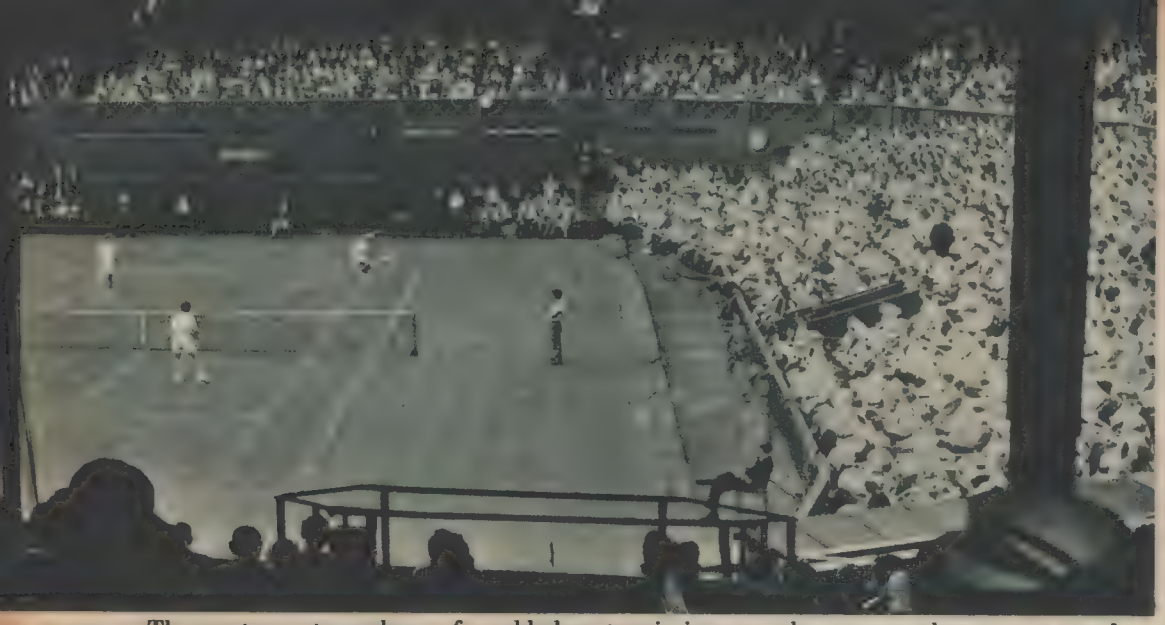
Nothing short of paralysis would have made me miss that match. We had had enough bad luck already. One member of our team of six, John Barrett, had a nervous breakdown two days before we sailed. Another, Mike Davies, had broken out in a rash soon after we landed.

This was not really exceptional. Nowadays, with international tennis developing so fast, the strain of playing the game competitively is tremendous. No one can afford to let up. When Lew Hoad injured his back earlier this year and had to keep it in plaster of paris for two months, he took the longest rest that he had had in years. Lew is a strapping, healthy youngster who has played the game more or less non-stop for the past six years, and for a good part of the last twelve years. He had won the Wimbledon, French and Australian titles all in the same year—and, as soon as he was out of his plaster, he was back on the courts defending his titles.

The threat of a back injury is one of the top tennis player's constant nightmares. He may play strenuously for years without suffering an injury, then one day he is forced into an unnatural position while playing a difficult shot, and the result is a strain which keeps him off the courts for months. The nightmare is that it can recur at any time. Such an injury can be the bane of a tennis player's life.

It is not the only one. Even so simple an injury as a blister on a hand or foot can be troublesome. In 1953, after the four-hour Drobny-Patty match at Wimbledon, Drobny told me that it took him four months to recover completely from the effects of cramp and the severe blisters that he acquired in that marathon. Most players suffer with blisters on the feet, especially when playing on hard

With American Althea Gibson, Angela Buxton won the women's doubles at Wimbledon last year. Now a strain to her wrist keeps her on the sidelines



game. The pent-up atmosphere of world-class tennis is more than many players can stand

courts, and for this reason they take a lot of trouble to keep their feet in good condition with frequent bathing in hot salt water and massage with olive oil. I have been lucky never to have experienced blisters on my hands, although, ever since I began playing tennis seriously, my right hand has been harder than my left.

So I knew something of the hazards of tennis on that August morning in New Jersey. But it did not occur to me that one of them had caught up with me. About noon I saw a doctor, who looked puzzled and suggested that I should not play that day. By then it was almost time for the match, so I ignored his advice and, as it happened, my opponent was not a very strong player and I won easily. There was no pain in my arm during the match, although I did have unusual difficulty in controlling the ball. When I came off the court, however, the doctor told me to dress quickly as he had arranged for an orthopaedic surgeon to examine me.

The surgeon was brisk but definite. "There are no two ways about it, Miss Buxton. That arm needs complete rest for three to four weeks."

I protested, but half an hour later, with my arm in a sling and the wrist and forearm in plaster, I was planning my journey home.

That evening, depressed and miserable, I went to dinner with my friend and Wimbledon doubles partner, Althea Gibson, the coloured American player. Afterwards we went for a mountain drive. Between November and June Althea had played tennis continuously in eight different countries, finishing at Wimbledon, all without an injury. I asked her how she did it.

"Well," she said, "I guess I look after myself like a baby when I'm on tour. But when I got back to the States this year my folks hardly recognized me. I'd lost about thirty pounds."

The dilemma of the top-flight tennis player is that to accept all the tournament invitations means playing twelve months of the year, so crowded has the international calendar become. The nervous tension of competitive tennis under these conditions is more than most people can stand. But to pick out only the major events, with the idea of putting the maximum effort into them, may be disastrous. It is still necessary to keep in training between competitions, but it is difficult to rise to a "peak" in this way.

At Wimbledon last year, Britain's No. 1 player, Angela Mortimer, had played in barely six tournaments during the early part of the year, and she lost to Pat Ward in the quarter finals, after being unbeaten by an English girl for several years. Angela has told me that she finds the background difficult at Wimbledon. It affects her eyesight, which may account for the fact that she has had her worst defeats there. Personally, I find conditions at Wimbledon exhilarating and inspiring, and always seem to play my best there.

When I arrived back from America in the middle of August, I realized that this time I should not get away with it so easily. Soon afterwards, with my arm still in a sling, I was sent to see Bill Tucker, the most famous orthopaedic surgeon in Europe, and the man who treated Denis Compton's knee. His waiting-room has four doors, through all of which people are constantly making entrances and exits.

Bill Tucker turned out to be a big, red-faced man with a friendly manner. He ordered me a daily routine which included twenty minutes of infra-red lamp treatment and eleven minutes of hot and cold baths—one minute in each, starting and finishing with the hot. He had diagnosed acute tenosynovitis of the flexor group of muscles in my right forearm, which meant that the tendons in the wrist had broken down under the strain of so much competitive tennis.

A good many of the injuries to which top tennis players are prone begin in the same way. The players push themselves too far, and something gives way. I remember Shirley Bloomer cracking up at the end of a three-month American tour in 1955. That time it was water on the knee. She had to scratch from the Pan-American championships in Mexico, as she was told to rest completely and not even walk more than necessary. As it happened, an invitation for a month's trip to India arrived a few weeks later and Shirley had to refuse—so I seized the chance to go instead.

This is the luck of the game. The first year I played in the Wightman Cup in 1954 I got into the team only because so many other players were unfit. Angela Mortimer barely played at all that year, because of a severe attack of sinusitis which became apparent at Bournemouth in April and ruined her whole season. Helen Fletcher went down with mumps in Paris, and Joy Mottram followed her in Manchester. Incidentally, finely trained athletes, such as tennis players, are always prone to these virus illnesses. Shirley Bloomer was put out of action through jaundice—and I slipped into the team.

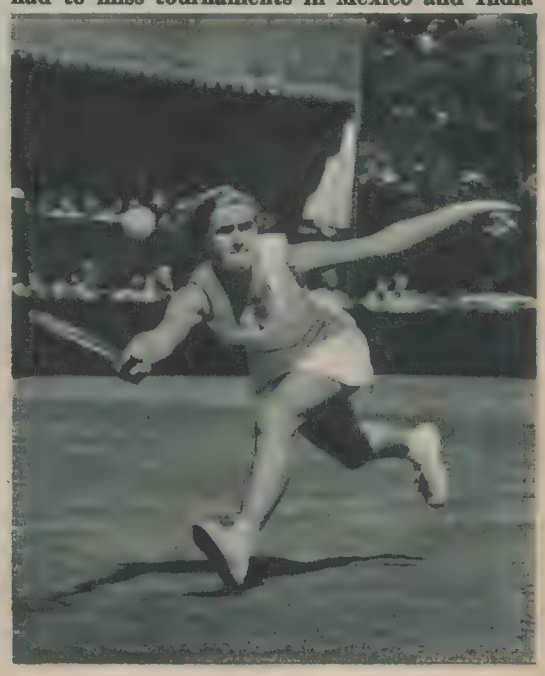
Now it was my turn for an enforced rest. For several weeks I went daily to Bill Tucker's clinic for faridism, wax treatment and physiotherapy. Faridism is a form of electrical treatment given to various parts of the body. It is very stimulating to the nerves. Wax treatment is a commonly used treatment for any injury involving stiffening of the joints. The injured part is dipped into hot, melted wax eight or ten times until it is heavily coated, then wrapped in greaseproof paper and in a towel. Fifteen minutes of this is the best heat treatment I have ever experienced. The heat is concentrated and evenly distributed and, because of the close contact, can penetrate the injury more readily.

This is the treatment which is sometimes used in bad cases of tennis elbow, the most common injury in our sport. Perhaps the most prominent sufferer of recent years has been Budge Patty, the tall, attractive American player, who has lived in Paris since the war. He has had severe pain over the past two years, but he continues

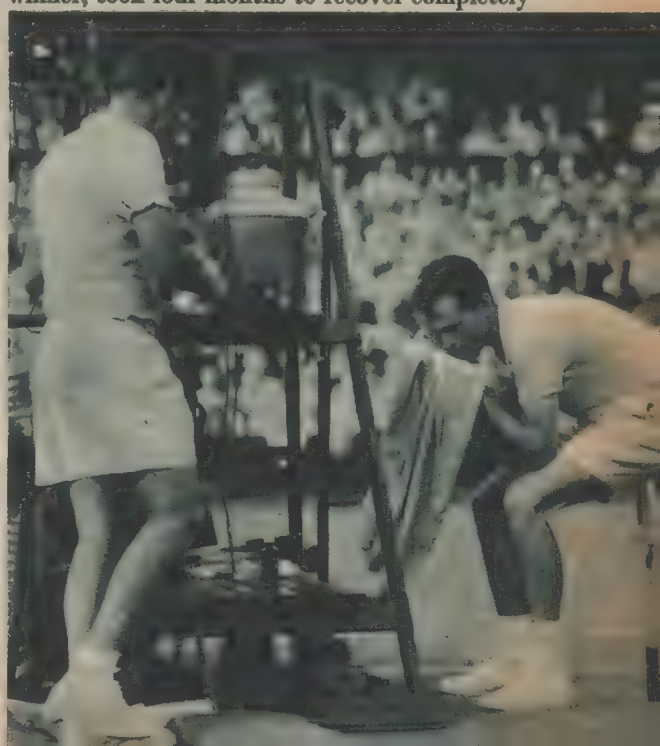
Continued on page 34

After triumphing at Wimbledon last year, Lew Hoad, seen with his wife, injured his back. Out of form, he failed to retain his French title

British Wightman Cup player Shirley Bloomer broke down on a tour of America in 1955. She had to miss tournaments in Mexico and India



A four-hour marathon of ninety-three games left Patty (right) and Drobny exhausted. Drobny, the winner, took four months to recover completely



THE UNFORGIVEN

by ALAN LE MAY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

So Rachel was going to surrender—and betray the people she loved. Only one thing could stop her . . . war against the Kiowas

WIDOWED Matthilda Zachary was seriously ill—only half conscious and her breathing hard. "Wish we could get dry sheets around her, but I don't dast mess with her," Georgia Rawlins said. "I sure hope I'm mighty wrong. She looks a whole lot like a goner."

Georgia, who had ridden eighteen miles for this sickbed visit, pounded leaves and roots into a powder, and made a tea of it. Medicine in the Texas of 1874 was often primitive.

Matthilda had fallen ill in the night. Her illness had stopped her foster-daughter, seventeen-year-old Rachel, from running away. Rachel, who was found on the trail as a baby, believed she had Indian blood. Kiowa Indians had visited the homestead, trying to "buy" her.

The Kiowas set great store by those they believed to be of their kin; Rachel knew that they would next try to take her away by force. If they did, everyone in the Zachary homestead might be killed. Though she hated the Kiowas for their inhuman cruelty, Rachel aimed to join them to save the lives of those she loved—Matthilda, her brothers Cash and Andy, and her absent eldest brother, Ben, whom she loved in a different way. . . .

Now, while Georgia was looking after his

A file of mounted warriors streamed across the front of the Zachary homestead, yelling continuously. The Indians were riding close . . . too close

mother, Cash was out scouting the range. Nearing the homestead, he must have given Andy some kind of signal, because——

"We got trouble," Andy called to Rachel and Georgia. "Don't touch the shutters. We can't let on we know it, lest they never let Cash get here." He stood behind the door, ready to swing it open.

The sound of the walking hooves of Cash's horse came on, and on. . . . Suddenly Andy swung the door wide and Cash, bent low over the horn, jumped his horse across the stoop and into the room. Andy slammed and barred the door behind him.

"Now fort up," he shouted.

PART FOUR

War Cries Over The Dancing Bird

CASH said: "I figure there's about a dozen of 'em." He dismounted and his horse seemed enormous in the room, making the house and everything in it look smaller than they had ever seen it before; the wooden floor boomed under the hooves.

"Knock open a loophole in the west wall. Rachel—get one open in Mama's room," Cash ordered. "Georgia, pull the slide on the north lookout—better bust out the glass."

They posted themselves as he told them, each alone, one to each side, and after that there was silence in the house. Matthilda seemed to be sleeping peacefully.

Half an hour passed, and the sun went down. The shuttered interior darkened, but a clear light remained outside; it would not dwindle enough to harm marksmanship for the next two hours.

Cash was trying to listen. "Georgia, for God's sake, stop that damned clock."

They had not heard the familiar ticking at all until Georgia stopped the pendulum. When the ticking had stopped, it left an emptiness that fairly rang in their ears.

"See there!" Andy spoke from the west loophole. "One's riding in the creek bed. I can bead right on his head."

"I see him," Cash said.

"You want I should. . . ."

"Let him come on."

Up over the cutbank of the Dancing Bird river, squarely in front of the house, came a single Indian rider.

"Lost Bird," Cash said, so that they all could hear it.

He came as he had come before, except that he rode bareback, and with a war bridle, a single cord tied on the lower jaw. He was without war paint, and his shirt was on; a four-inch silver concho shone in his hair. And they could see that he carried no weapon.

It was a strange thing for a Kiowa to present himself like that, entirely unarmed. But that was the worst thing about Kiowas; they were always doing something original, unpredictable, so that you could never figure what kind of way they were fixing to come at you.

Lost Bird's right hand was raised in the peace sign. He did not lower it as he pulled up five yards out, directly in front of the door, and made his pony stand like a rock.

Cash spoke through his loophole, saying something in Kiowa, and Lost Bird began to speak. Andy had returned to his station. Nobody saw Rachel creep through the shadows to one of the front shutter loopholes.

Lost Bird was speaking slowly in Kiowa, a phrase at a time. He matched his words with the conventional sign language of the prairies that they all knew, so that this time she knew what he said.

"We many times take your people," he said. "You come, you want them, you buy. You pay us. We let you take them back. Many times. All friendly. All good."

Cash said something else in Kiowa, and Lost Bird acknowledged it with a brief grin. But he went on with the speech he had doubtless carefully prepared. "Long ago," his signs said, "you take a child of ours. We look for her very long. Now we find. Now we come. We want her back now. She is ours. We pay. You pay us, now we pay you. All friendly, all good. I give ten horses. You give me. I take home."

Cash spat out an angry Kiowa phrase.

"Tell what you want more. Price is good. But I give more." Lost Bird said. "I do not leave this place without the child. I have twenty-two men. You have two men, three women—one very old. No good."

Cash raised his carbine to the loophole, aimed steadily, and put a bullet close past Lost Bird's ear. The black-powder smell was plain in the room as he reloaded.

Outside, the grey war pony quivered, but did not move its feet. Lost Bird was smiling, and the smile expressed more contempt than he could have shown in any other way. He believed he knew who he was dealing with, and how their minds worked, and what Cash, particularly, would do and would not do.

"You shoot well," his hands said. "You do not shoot to hit. You hit me, nobody in your house will see the sun again. You know that. Now listen. I tell you all this again." He started over with the same prepared speech as before.

Rachel startled Cash by speaking almost in his ear. He didn't know how she got there, standing at his elbow. "This is no good," she said.

"You get back where I put you," he ordered her, through his teeth. He was abruptly, bitterly angered, for her intrusion threatened a betrayal of all their long efforts to shield her.

"There isn't going to be any fight," she said. "Let me by. I understood what he said."

"Never mind them damned Indian lies. You're going to——"

"He's telling the truth. I've known all about it for a long time. I shall end all this trouble now."

"You'll not go out there, because I'll stop you," he said; but he was less sure of himself, thrown off by her revelation.

"Maybe you can stop me, but they'll be in here while you have your hands full with me. Now let me go."

He stared at her, bewildered by the flat, dead-sounding tone in which she threatened outlandish, unbelievable things. "Is everybody crazy but me?" he demanded. "By God, I know how to settle this."

Out in the clear twilight Lost Bird was patiently, slowly, going through his smooth, clear signs. His gruff Kiowa phrases came steadily to them. Cash raised his carbine again, and instantly fired. Lost Bird's head jerked violently with the impact of the bullet; he was dead as he fell. The grey war pony shied, found itself free, and stampeded.

"Oh, Cash, Cash!" Rachel cried out. "They'll never draw back now. They'll fight till we're dead."

"You can bet on it," Cash said.

"They'll never let up, so long as——"

He cut in harshly. "Then there's no use you going out, is there? Now get back to your loop."

For a few moments stillness held outside. Even the zinging of the locusts in the cottonwoods by the creek had been silenced by the gunshots, and this made the quiet unnatural, as if the whole prairie lay stunned.

Before the locusts could begin again, the "Wa-wa-wa-wah!" of a war cry sounded from the creek, immediately followed by an uncountable chorus. The creek bed seemed to be full of Kiowas, while yet no Indian but the dead Lost Bird could be seen.

Two rifles slammed, down there; then a ragged volley. The windowpanes burst outside the battle shutters, and fell tinkling.

"Close your slide," Cash called out to Georgia, who stood at the back of the room, at the north lookout. "Get down on the floor."

"Let me by," she begged Cash. "There isn't going to be any fight. I shall end all this trouble now"

Andy, at the end, complained: "I can't line up on nothing from here."

"Stay there, anyway." Cash turned away from his door loop, and leaned against the plastered sod wall. A buffalo slug broke through a shutter, and rattled, spent, across the floor. A little after that a bullet nicked a splinter out of the side of the door loop, where Cash had stood, and lodged above the fireplace.

"They'll quit this, in a minute," Cash said.

He was right. The Kiowas were firing at the house in an expression of anger; they had no plan to fit what had happened.

The guns in the creek bed fell silent, and Cash looked out again.

"Two, three of 'em have gone to popping up and down," he said. "Guess they want to see what we'll do."

"What *will* we do?" Andy asked him.

"Nothing," Cash said, but kept his carbine ready. He watched an Indian leap straight up to expose half of his painted body, then drop from sight again. Another tried it in a different place. Then a single white-streaked warrior sprang out of the creek bed, and stood in the open upon the bank. Cash fired, and the Kiowa came down in a heap. The lips of the bank crumbled, and the body slid over the edge.

That was the end of that experiment. The Kiowas could not be heard withdrawing, but they

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Chataway, confident, lies fifth on the second lap of the five thousand metres at Melbourne. Five laps later he was running in intense agony. "I shall never know the reason for my failure," he says

Kuts won the race, with Pirie second and Ibbotson ("I made my effort too soon") third

RUNNING IN (5)

by CHRIS CHATAWAY

My last race becomes a nightmare

The 1956 Olympics would, I hoped, crown my running career with a great victory. Instead I met bitter disappointment

Chris Brasher talks to a referee following his disqualification in the steeplechase. Two hours later Brasher was declared the winner

At the end of 1955 I found myself in Cyprus, on a quiet stretch of road between Nicosia and Larnaca. A reporter for Independent Television News, I was on my way with a camera crew to interview a man who had been attacked and wounded by Eoka.

The Cypriot taxi-driver, who knew where we were going, stopped the car.

"I think we have a flat tyre," he said.

The only building in sight was a farmhouse a hundred yards down the road. It was in darkness. The driver bent over one of the rear wheels. But, despite what he had said, the tyre was not flat.

I could see that my companions were, like myself, wondering if he belonged to a group which had decided it would be better if the interview did not take place. As he fiddled unconvincingly with the wheel we edged round so that the car was between us and the farmhouse. Two of us took a crowbar each from the back of the car. After several anxious minutes the driver got in again, saying that the tyre was all right after all. We drove on.

Our nervousness was probably quite unjustified, but it brought home to me the difficulties that must exist in rooting out terrorists in Cyprus. I was able to imagine how it was that thousands of British troops could take months to make any impression on a few hundred resistance fighters. If they were sheltered by sympathetic civilians, the Eoka men could disappear into the hills or the countryside, and nothing could be done until they emerged to strike again.

This was my first assignment abroad as a television reporter. I had put a pair of bathing trunks in my luggage. It was a piece of optimism about recreation that I would not now repeat on a reporting job. In fact, I had little enough time to eat or sleep.

For the first twenty-four hours I was very conscious of the large sum of money that had been spent on sending me to Cyprus. I was getting nowhere, and was sure that I would bring back nothing of consequence. Then I began to get hold of interesting people who spoke English. Every moment of daylight was taken up with filming. Most of the hours of darkness, it seemed, were spent on ferreting out information and making new contacts.

I interviewed Greeks, Turks and Britons—business men, officials and workmen. At the end I was left in no doubt that the desire for union with Greece was not confined, as some at

home would have liked to believe, to a small, vociferous minority.

Whether I spoke to a shopkeeper or a trade unionist, to a waiter at the Ledra Palace Hotel in Nicosia or to a manual worker, nearly all had no hesitation in saying that it was *enosis* they wanted.

Some schoolchildren I interviewed were no exception. Their teachers had been trained by the Greek Orthodox Church, and it was easy to imagine that school lessons were normally accompanied by a little politics. An angelic ten-year-old boy with curly hair pushed his way to the front until he stood directly before me and said: "You want *enosis*?"

I told him that I was not sure.

"If you don't," he said, "I will kill you."

I felt that for a complete report I should include an interview with a Cypriot who was content with things as they were. Such a person was hard to find. Many of the islanders were aware that their living standard would drop if they ceased to be a British colony, but Greek patriotism meant more than economics.

Just a few were scared to reveal their true beliefs and I experienced for the first time the frustration, which later I was to know well, of not being able to show on film what people had told me in private. In some ways, life for a newspaperman is considerably easier than it is for a television reporter. A newspaperman can, if necessary, leave his sources of information anonymous by resorting to phrases such as "one Cypriot said" and "a leading business man told me." Whatever follows does not embarrass or endanger anybody. But a television reporter cannot use information unless those who talk to him are prepared to show their faces and publicly go on record with their views.

I found a prosperous Cypriot restaurant-owner who told me: "I am very happy with British rule. I worked in London for many years and I do not now want to be Greek."

I arranged with him to bring my equipment the next day to record his interview on film, but when we unloaded the apparatus and set it up outside his restaurant he had second thoughts.

"Eoka representatives will be sure to recognize me and I shall be attacked," he said.

No doubt he was right. Reluctantly, we packed up again, two precious hours wasted.

However, I was fortunate enough to find a Cypriot who had not the slightest hesitation in openly admitting that he hated Eoka and preferred to be inside the British Commonwealth. His name was Odysseus Wideson. He lived in Larnaca and was the man we were on our way

Chataway interviewed Lucy Jones, a shepherdess on a Snowdon farm, and Bob Roberts, skipper of the last sea-going sailing barge, for his B.B.C. television series, *Away From It All*

to see when our taxi-driver stopped so suspiciously.

I found him in the police station, where he went every evening to chat with members of the British police. He had been shot in the side by Eoka only a few months beforehand and had just come out of hospital. He was in his sixties, a heavy-jowled, pugnacious man with twinkling eyes.

The police station was surrounded by high walls and barbed wire. There were dozens of armed guards and a searchlight played on the road outside. Wideson treated all these precautions with good-humoured contempt. He felt that it was taking the terrorists much too seriously.

I explained to him what it was that I had come for. I said that I knew of his political views and hoped that he would be prepared to state them in an interview.

He roared with laughter, looked at the British police officer and said: "What does this young man want to do? Get me shot?"

"After the things that you have said, another interview for television couldn't make Eoka hate you any more," the officer replied.

I took the policeman aside and asked him whether he thought that there might be any danger for Wideson in this interview.

"No," he said. "He's a marked man as it

is. Anyway, now you have come he won't let you go without taking his opinions with you."

Wideson gave me a magnificent interview. He described with great liveliness and humour the attack that had been made upon him. He expressed joyful contempt for the two young terrorists who had fired at him from behind a car and had fled as soon as he had drawn his revolver. He finished seriously by saying with great sincerity: "I would not want Cyprus to be divorced from Britain. Under British rule there has been justice, honesty and fair government."

When he left the station he had no police escort—perhaps he had refused it—and my last view of him was riding down the road jauntily and precariously on a bicycle.

Three months later he was shot in the back by Eoka and killed.

Before I left the island I went to see Field Marshal Sir John Harding, who had just been appointed Governor. He was kindly, co-operative and patient.

He spoke of his wish to retire to some quiet farming in England. He seemed very much aware of the size and difficulty of the job he had undertaken.

After the interview he asked with a smile: "How is the more important side of your activities going?"

Although I still hoped vaguely to run for the last time at the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, I had to confess that since joining I.T.N. I had found my job so absorbing that I

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As a reporter for I. T. N., Chataway went to Cyprus in 1955. He recorded a talk with the island's deputy governor, George Sinclair

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SISTER

by ***STUART CLOETE***

ILLUSTRATED BY CRITCHLOW

That Georgina! She was such a worry to young Jappie. Surely little girls should not be so tireless—and bold?

Lightning flashed . . . and Georgina just settled herself to watch the coming storm

JAPPIE VAN BREDA stared out over the plain. In nine months now there had been only one shower, and that had hardly laid the dust. The grass of the veld was burned almost away and Pa had been gone a week with what was left of the cattle, and three boys, to find water and grazing in the north.

They had left it too late because his father had not wanted to leave him alone to look after the place. So, in a way, it was his fault.

If I had been older, he thought. So many cattle had died. And all the calves were dead, since their mothers could give no milk.

It was a great worry to be left with it all when one was only eleven, a great responsibility. There was his mother to protect. Women had to be protected. And there was Georgina, his sister. She was a problem—that six-year-old.

Where, for instance, was she now? Soon he would have to go and look. She might be sitting curled up in a big chair on the *stoep,* or she might be two miles away and still going.

Then there were the baboons. Driven by drought and hunger, they had become bolder. They had taken chickens and ripped open some kids for the milk in their bellies. There were many more than there had been a year ago. They seemed to have congregated here from all over the range under a leader that Jappie called Old Chaka, after the Zulu king who had ravaged the country a hundred years ago. Chaka was very big—probably five feet high, if he held on to something and drew himself erect. He was old and wise.

It was Chaka who organized the raids and led them. It was he who watched out all the time and barked the danger warning. They had seen him often but never within rifle-shot.

Old Chaka had come to dominate Jappie's life. "If you can kill him," his pa had said, "I'll give you a new rifle, a three-o-three, a real man's rifle." All he had now was a .22. So Chaka obsessed him, for a real gun was the dream of his life. Like most Boer boys, he wanted his own rifle and his own horse. He had the horse—a yellow buckskin that he had trained himself. Mounted and armed, a boy became a man, a burgher.

So, if I can kill Chaka while Pa is away . . . he thought. If I can kill Chaka. . . .

But it was one thing to talk about killing Chaka and another to do it. The old baboon was bold, cunning and rapacious, the father of a multitude, a real king among his people—a tribe that seemed to grow each day.

In ordinary times there were always a few baboons in the *berg;* a troop of twenty or thirty that really worried no one. They stole a few mealies sometimes, and some fruit, but they left the stock alone. Now they even killed wild game. Once Jappie saw them bring a bush buck to bay, pull him down and tear him to shreds. He got close to them, but was afraid to shoot because they might have turned on him.

But still Jappie hunted. His chance would come. He shot four other baboons and cut off their tails for the bounty. Then he stopped shooting them because he felt that it would make Chaka still more wary and hard to kill. He simply watched them on the mountainside, turning up stones for the grubs and scorpions they found beneath them. He watched them spread out, working systematically over the hillsides, followed them and saw the white, bleached spots where the stones had lain unmoved for centuries, except by the baboons who turned them, moving slowly down the hills.

He saw Chaka often, but never within rifle-shot, never clearly outlined against the sky.

Still he hunted, with the persistence of his race, up and down and through the bush of the little mountain valleys of his father's farm. The baboons had long since cleaned up the wild Kaffir oranges. They had eaten all the beans that fell from the thorn trees, which Pa had been counting on for the sheep and goats. They dug up every edible root and bulb with iron-tipped fingers.

In between his hunts for the great baboon, Jappie shot buck with his .22 to feed his family. And then there was the farm work to do, too; the fences to mend, the furrows to clean, and the stock—what was left of it—to count and doctor.

There was thatch grass to cut, there were buildings to repair and the boys to handle. Boys who said: "Yes, *baas, ja, ja,* it will be done," and did nothing, because he was a boy and not a man.

Jappie's pa had built the house facing the cool south, looking out over the plains. Behind it were the wooded foothills of the *berg,* and out of them rose a tall sugar-loaf rock that his pa called the Sentinel. There was a steep path that led up it. In the background towered the *Groot Berg,* as they called it, the great mountain itself. . . .

One morning Johanna van Breda looked out of the window at her son, who was carrying water from the spring. How thin he was! He was only eleven and he was doing a real man's job; riding till he and his buckskin were skin and bone, to find a little new pasturage for the goats and sheep; skinning the ones that died, and salting the skins; bossing the boys as if he were a man, and hunting for meat, bringing in a buck every few days—a duiker or a steinbok, for them to eat. Once he'd got a kudu—a big buck like that!—stalking it and shooting it in the head with his little rifle. She was proud of him.

Sometimes she had been sorry she had no more children. But God had blessed her with two fine ones—her son, who was as steady as a rock on the mountainside, and Georgina, a girl as sweet and pretty as a flower, but with a boy's bold heart. It was hard, impious, to believe that God could make a mistake, but surely girls should not be so bold, so tireless? She sighed and looked out of the window once

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They knelt down together and began to pray. Johanna knew how close they were to disaster. . . . If only it would rain!

A cast of two thousand in a Searchlight Tattoo finale. The word "tattoo" comes from the name of a bugle call once used to recall soldiers from taprooms

Jock Hart wages war for fun

by GEORGE BRUCE

In his show you see servicemen playing soldiers. They go into battle with guns, swords—and even bare fists

PARATROOPERS in the Searchlight Tattoo at the White City in London were reproducing a key action of the D-Day landings, an attack on a bridge over the Canal de Caen. There was a crash of grenades and a crackle of small arms fire. The audience gasped as an "enemy" soldier fell twenty-five feet from the upstairs window of a German guardhouse.

As the soldier hit the ground Lieut.-Colonel "Jock" Hart, the Tattoo producer, looked relieved. The day before this Tattoo performance he had been rehearsing the fall with a dummy when a stocky Scottish infantryman, playing one of the defenders, boasted loudly that he could fall from the window with his eyes shut.

"I took him at his word and gave him a quick shove out of the window," says Hart. "He turned a somersault on an outhouse to break his fall, then fell expertly the remaining fifteen feet to the ground and scrambled smilingly to his feet. It was brilliant. He got the job and, much to my relief, went through the whole week's performances without a scratch."

A wiry, resourceful ex-cavalry officer of sixty-four, with humorous blue eyes, Hart has staged the Searchlight Tattoo every year since 1952, and has helped to raise over £40,000 for its sponsors, the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. As the Tattoo's producer, he has won tributes from seasoned impresarios.

Unlike the Royal Tournament, the Searchlight Tattoo is an unofficial show, and Hart depends entirely on the goodwill of commanding officers for his cast of 1,800 to two thousand volunteers from barracks, naval stations and airfields at home and abroad.

Sudden postings overseas sometimes deprive the Tattoo of performers at the last minute. In 1955 the Parachute Regiment, whose band was in a massed bands item, was rushed to Cyprus forty-eight hours before the opening day. "We had to restyle this complicated act with just two bands at our only rehearsal the day before the first performance," Hart recalls.

Hart, a diplomatic showman who tries to combine the Services' interests with his own, was once asked to release an army band from a Tattoo engagement so that it could accept a more lucrative offer to play at Henley Regatta. It was too late to find a substitute. Hart laid on a coach to drive the band from Henley to the White City every night so that it could play at both functions.

During intervals, Hart sometimes talks about the show with members of the audience. He has found that while people are equally divided over the merits of equestrian and mechanized items, nearly all praise the combat performances, in which episodes from military history are re-enacted, illustrated with blank ammunition.

Enthusiasm among the performers, especially in the combat items, sometimes produces unexpected realism. During a performance of the Battle of Prestonpans, in which Bonnie Prince Charlie's troops attacked the English, the Redcoats reversed the historical order and charged the Scottish troops first. Zealous defenders of national honour, the kilted Scots dropped their claymores and started swinging their fists. The Redcoats hit back. Men were knocked down on both sides. One Redcoat was buried under what looked like a giant rugby scrum.

Fearing that casualties might prejudice the next day's performance, Hart ended the item there and then by switching off both searchlights and floodlights. Marshals shepherded the combatants out. Afterwards the St. John Ambulance Brigade gave one Redcoat treatment for three cracked ribs. Five other men had blooded noses.

During the reconstruction of a wartime raid on the coast of northern France, some British paratroopers attacked a house occupied by "German" sentries, while others fought for radar equipment "wanted by the Air Ministry." Men who took part in the real action praised the authenticity of the production—until the last night. Paratroopers then hurled so much explosive into the house that it burst into flames and was burned to a cinder.

While it was still blazing, the paratroopers boarded the naval landing craft sent to disembark them and fired off all the reserve supplies of ammunition before they left the arena. "The noise was terrific," says Hart, "and the audience was delighted, but I sat there fuming, looking at my stopwatch and wondering when I'd be able to put on the next act." The paratroopers stayed on nearly six minutes over time.

Hart stages a two-and-a-half-hour pageant of

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Hart, with his secretary, Beryl Pococke, plans band movements. At a full dress rehearsal once, a drummer gave the wrong beats—and his band marched from the arena by mistake

For the 1953 Searchlight Tattoo men of the Parachute Regiment routed the "enemy" in a re-enactment of the wartime raid on Bruneval

Mother Minot and the Little Birds

by ***WILLIAM BRANDON***

What a pantomime she was putting on . . . she with her precious old memories! No doubt we would be paying for it in the end

WHEN Mrs. Oscar Goodleaf, of Jordan, Indiana, came to Cannes for a winter holiday and confided to me that her dearest wish was to match a certain baroque candlestick, I was immediately alert and interested. This was because Mrs. Goodleaf's husband, Mr. Goodleaf, is well in with my boss, being president of the American associate of the British Carburettor Company, which employs me as its European representative; and it is customary to be alert and interested about the wishes of the boss's friend's wife.

She said that in the course of her present trip abroad she had ransacked a number of antique shops without success. Somewhat against my better judgment I took her to see my old friend Monsieur le Duc, who, as an untrustworthy dealer in unreliable antiques, was intimately acquainted with most of the second-hand furniture on the Riviera.

We found him at his café table on the Croisette, where he examined Mrs. Goodleaf's junk-shop candlestick with a practised eye, promised her he would not sleep until he located its mate, complimented the excellence of her taste for one still so young (a matronly forty-seven) and bowed his head in his best plumed-hat manner when, palpitating, she departed.

"My, what a charming person," she said.

On the day before Christmas, Monsieur le Duc called to report that he had discovered an identical candlestick and to set an hour for Mrs. Goodleaf to have a look at it. At nine o'clock on Christmas Eve, accordingly, I escorted her to the address he had given, a steep and narrow street in the old quarter of town.

Monsieur le Duc, impeccably equipped with a doubtless stolen flower in his buttonhole and a silver-headed stick, was waiting in a doorway and led us to a tiny upstairs flat over a vegetable shop, where a little old woman in black was introduced as the Mother Minot.

The candlestick stood in gleaming splendour on the mantel.

"You nice man," Mrs. Goodleaf said, smiling, pink with pleasure and climbing the stairs, "you really did find a candlestick. Oh, what a grand Christmas present!"

"I found the only one, *madame*," Monsieur le Duc said. "I believe I have identified this candlestick and yours as a unique pair made in the time of Giovan Gastone, last of the Medicis, by the Florentine silversmith Vergogna."

This had a suspicious ring of glibness to me, but Mrs. Goodleaf was enchanted.

"But alas," Monsieur le Duc said, "I fear

Mrs. Goodleaf smiled at Monsieur le Duc. "You nice man," she said. "You really did find a candlestick. What a grand present"

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

there are obstacles. The good Mother Minot does not want to sell."

"But no," the Mother Minot said sadly.

"She is an ancient servant of the house of Cadignan, and the candlestick was left her in the will of the old prince," Monsieur le Duc explained. "You can see the difficulty."

"But yes," the Mother Minot said firmly.

"Oh, fiddlesticks," Mrs. Goodleaf said. "Of course she'll sell it, because I'll simply die if I can't have it. And it isn't as if I wouldn't give it a good home."

She beamed at the Mother Minot, who suddenly turned and began to sob on Monsieur le Duc's shoulder. Mrs. Goodleaf, immediately touched, dabbed at her own eyes with her handkerchief and said: "Goodness, what did I do?"

"It's only that you remind her of the old prince's granddaughter," Monsieur le Duc said, after a brief but dramatic conversation with the Mother Minot in Provençal. "She is overcome with memories, because the last time she saw the granddaughter, who was Clotilde-Frédérique, the daughter of the Duke de Maufrigneuse, who was the old prince's only son, was on a Christmas Eve some years ago, on the very occasion when the old prince presented the Mother Minot with the candlestick."

I said: "I thought he left it to her in his will."

"A mere technicality in law, *mon bon*," Monsieur le Duc said imperturbably. The Mother Minot stood on tiptoe to whisper in his ear, and he added: "The Mother Minot is emboldened by this resemblance to implore us to join her in the traditional Provençal Christmas Eve dinner, the *Gros Souper*, which she was about to celebrate alone. It would no doubt give her much pleasure."

"Oh, by all means," Mrs. Goodleaf said, deeply moved. "It was going to be such an empty Christmas for me because I didn't have a thing to do, except a dull old party at the Grand Hotel Barcillon, where everyone would drink and be brittle, and usually I love Christmas more than anything.

"I'm sure it will be wonderful fun and so different—and imagine looking like the princess! My name's Lillian, too, and that's something like Clotilde, although everybody calls me Lil. I never heard such a coincidence. Really, I must have the candlestick. Think of what an interesting story I'll have to tell with it."

She squeezed the Mother Minot's hands and the old lady, still sniffling happily, withdrew to the kitchen. "The dear old soul," Mrs. Goodleaf said.

"I also feel a lively emotion for Christmas," Monsieur le Duc admitted, lying outrageously, since it was not like Monsieur le Duc to be sentimental about anything except Monsieur le Duc. "Unhappily, our age has lost its true spirit."

"Isn't it a pity," Mrs. Goodleaf said sorrowfully. "How much do you think I should offer for the candlestick?"

"It's difficult to say," Monsieur le Duc said, studying the candlestick, which was extraordinarily ugly. "It might be worth as much as fifty thousand francs, perhaps a trifle more."

"Or perhaps a trifle less," I suggested, thinking of Monsieur le Duc's superstitious custom of multiplying his prices by three, which he regarded as a lucky number.

"But we mustn't be mean; that's just the point," Mrs. Goodleaf said. "We must be generous, because it is Christmas Eve; and after she sees how sincerely I want to be generous I know she'll be generous, too, and let me have it. I'll offer a hundred thousand."

"Very liberal, indeed," Monsieur le Duc said. "But it might be a good idea to hold that figure in reserve."

I told her it might be a better idea to let the whole thing wait for a few days while I arranged for a quick check-up to be made on the work of the Florentine silversmith Vergogna.

"You can both just hush," Mrs. Goodleaf said. "I mean to indulge myself this once and follow exactly what my heart tells me to do. Oscar always says: 'Now, Lil, your heart's too big for your girdle,' but I think on Christmas Eve it ought to be, and he can scream and turn purple when he hears about it all he wants to."

I sat down in a corner and buried my head in my hands until the Mother Minot set the table and started off the dinner with a salad and *bouchées à la reine*. It struck me as curious that her dinner had evidently been prepared in advance for four, but otherwise the *Gros Souper* was the real thing, with cooked wine and the symbolic thirteen desserts; and the Mother Minot got Mrs. Goodleaf to join her in the ancient rite of throwing wine on the fire and offering a prayer.

Mrs. Goodleaf was lyrical over the dinner, charmed by its accompanying folklore, stirred again to tears at the Mother Minot's gratitude to us for sharing her lonely *Gros Souper*, and increasingly affected by the Mother Minot's frequent references to her last Christmas Eve in the beloved household of the old Prince de Cadignan.

After dinner the Mother Minot sang in a quavering voice a very pretty Christmas carol that she said had been a childhood favourite of Clotilde-Frédérique's, when the Mother Minot had been her nurse. It went: "Noël, Noël, to all the little birds." Mrs. Goodleaf tried to learn it and kept getting it slightly wrong, singing: "Noël, Noël, for all the little birds," but in a voice full of feeling.

All these things affected Mrs. Goodleaf to such a point that, when eventually she got back to the subject of the candlestick, she made a starting offer of 150,000. I grabbed for the *eau-de-vie*, and even Monsieur le Duc was startled.

"I must warn you, *madame*, that you may be exceeding its value," Monsieur le Duc said.

"Ah, but Noël, Noël!" Mrs. Goodleaf cried, her eyes shining with the gladness of good deeds.

"But no, I cannot," the Mother Minot said, ready to burst into tears again, but, I thought, keeping one glint of her spectacles on Monsieur le Duc for a cue. "You are good and kind, *madame*, but truly it means so much to me."

"Of course it does," Mrs. Goodleaf said, embracing her. "That's why I'm going to insist on giving you a decent price. And think how sweet it will be for the two candlesticks to be together again, after all this time. Imagine the things they could say to each other. Now, honestly, that would be better, wouldn't it?"

The Mother Minot put her apron over her face and ran from the room.

"Heavens!" Mrs. Goodleaf said. "Now what?"

"She didn't want to tell you, *madame*, in view of your tender sensibilities," Monsieur le Duc explained, "but the candlesticks were together on that last Christmas Eve she spoke of. The old prince gave the other one to Clotilde-Frédérique."

"Why, just think! That's the one I've got."

"Undoubtedly. Clotilde-Frédérique died tragically the next year, and her husband unfeelingly sold her possessions."

"Oh, how pathetic! Then of course she must sell it to me so they can be together again; but goodness, I haven't offered the poor thing enough. I'll tell her three hundred thousand."

"*Boufre!*" Monsieur le Duc said aghast. He recovered himself and said: "I must assure you, *madame*, that you exceed its value."

"But I want to," Mrs. Goodleaf said, with a forthright compassion that should have melted even Monsieur le Duc's heart of stone. "It's how important it is to her that counts."

I pointed out to her that she couldn't be sure the candlestick was worth even a fraction of that much, and again recommended, with some desperation, that she should take a few days to think it over.

"You sound precisely like Oscar," Mrs. Goodleaf said. "I always tell him: 'Oscar, you may know something of carburettors, but you simply don't understand *objets d'art*.' That takes years and years of study, as Monsieur le Duc knows."

"Ah yes, Monsieur le Duc knows."

"But will she sell it, even for that much?" Mrs. Goodleaf asked.

"I'm sure she could not resist," said Monsieur le Duc. "However, I might suggest that you offer her the money in cash. That sometimes seems to make a difference."

"Oh, a wonderful idea! And of course it does; Oscar has often said so. I'll run right back to the hotel and cash a cheque. Then she can have the money just like a Christmas present. I might even wrap it as a gift."

"Excellent," Monsieur le Duc said gravely, and went to get her a taxi.

WHEN he came back after her departure, I reminded him that we were dealing with the wife of a business associate of my boss, and that it might cost me my job when Mr. Goodleaf screamed and turned purple upon learning that his wife had paid a thousand dollars for a contorted candlestick worth ten or twenty.

"But, *alors*, you saw how I warned her not to pay so much," Monsieur le Duc said with great innocence. "What else could I do?"

"You need never have laid on all this fun and games in the first place," I said. "You've staged this whole thing, down to arranging for the transaction in cash so there won't be any evidence when I charge you with swindling."

"*Tiens, tiens*," Monsieur le Duc said blandly. "But how have I swindled?"

I called the Mother Minot from the kitchen and asked her if the Château de Cadignan was on the north or the south bank of the Loire. She made an alarmed try at reading the answer from Monsieur le Duc, who was signalling with his eyebrows, and said the north. Monsieur le Duc, who knew as well as I that it was on the Rhône, was only momentarily disturbed, and ventured an opinion that perhaps the brave Mother Minot's memory was not all it should be.

I thought it more likely that the brave Mother Minot had been hired for the evening from the company of the National Theatre in Nice.

"You do me injustice, my friend," Monsieur le Duc said. "You will admit that I have behaved with scrupulous restraint. And you yourself have been present, free to object."

"I've been objecting all the evening," I said. "But your price-raising tricks have got her so warmed up with Christmas spirit that she'll finish by forcing you to take a million."

"Most improbable," Monsieur le Duc said, plainly intrigued by the thought. "But then, if it gives her pleasure. . . ?"

Then Mrs. Goodleaf returned, pinker than before, bearing a gaily wrapped parcel which she gave to the Mother Minot. She said: "I thought and thought about it, and I decided I was really being selfish underneath, when I don't want to be at all, no matter what it costs."

The Mother Minot opened the package. It contained the other candlestick.

"So I'm giving dear Mother Minot mine," Mrs. Goodleaf said, looking yearningly at her candlestick in alien hands and trying to keep back her tears. "Now she can have them both, together again."

Mrs. Goodleaf tried to smile. It was a stirring moment. I even thought I saw the suggestion of a tear in Monsieur le Duc's eye.

"Merry Christmas," Mrs. Goodleaf said tremulously. "Merry Christmas for all the little birds." THE END

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by IAN MacHORTON

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Jock Hart wages war for fun

Continued from page 20

fourteen items, after only one ordinary and one dress rehearsal. This is the best he can do, with performers stationed in units anywhere from Edinburgh to Germany, until the day before the opening performance. But it is not enough preparation for massed bands of up to four hundred players.

Hart saw that he must somehow institute individual band rehearsals. He drew pencil sketches of intended massed bands manoeuvres, then, with scale-model wooden bricks representing each band, he went through the drill to make sure that the manoeuvres were practicable. Finally, on large sheets of white paper, he drew coloured diagrams of the moves, which were then photographed and sent to bandmasters for individual rehearsals. "Wherever they were, the bands could practise their marching with this system. They arrived for the rehearsal fully versed."

Hart once worked out a massed bands manoeuvre which was so complicated that he couldn't get his eight bands back into ranks again. With drums rolling and pipes skirling, eighty drummers in five ranks, leading 128 pipers in eight ranks, were to march into the arena to form a moving pattern of circles and St. Andrew's crosses. "It was easy to form them into a pattern," says Hart, "but I couldn't work out how to get them back into ranks while they were playing without spoiling the performance. With my box of bricks, and several cups of strong black coffee, it took me a whole day to solve it. Then one bandmaster wrote to say that it was impossible. I had to make a special journey to Yorkshire to show him with the bricks that the marching of the bands was properly dovetailed."

Two bandmasters in full regalia quarrelled at one rehearsal. Hart returned to the arena after making a telephone call to find them arguing furiously over who should lead the marching. One of them threw his hat on the ground and started to walk off. Hart at once invited both men to the control box and took the blame for the incident himself, for failing to establish seniority before the rehearsal. His ruling on the question of seniority was accepted, and the two bandmasters shook hands and returned to the arena.

Normally exuberant, Hart can be explosive on a rehearsal day, when more than a thousand men from forty or fifty different units are in the arena. He has only a few hours to make a show out of the responsive, but barely rehearsed performers.

At such times, he strongly resents intrusions into his control box. "What do *you* want?" he once curtly demanded of a well-built man who entered the box. "I'll go if I'm in the way," the man said, and walked out. It was Richard Dimbleby, who had called to make arrangements for a B.B.C. broadcast. "I'm upset about these incidents afterwards," Hart says, "and I never miss apologizing."

He once offended an inexperienced, unsure rider by removing him after rehearsal from among sixty horsemen who were to gallop the length of the arena and fall from their saddles under artillery fire during a re-enactment of the Charge of the Light Brigade. Amid the smoke and crash of the guns during the subsequent performance a rider fell heavily. Later, Hart heard that he had been taken to hospital with a badly cut head. It was the man whom he had forbidden to ride. At the last moment, he had stood in for another rider who was unwell.

For this spectacular item, wooden gun barrels copied from old drawings of the enemy artillery were made by a joiner. They were secured to artillery wheels and loaded with enough gunpowder for a powerful flash and explosion. When the guns were fired during experiments at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, the charge was so powerful that it blew the muzzles off some of them. More barrels had to be made at the last moment and charged with less gunpowder. "They lasted the week out," says Hart, "but I was dreading the result every time they fired."

Lieut.-Colonel Guy Richard Gregor Hart, who lives with his wife in Farnborough, Hampshire, and has a married son in the army, suggested a tattoo (the word comes from the two-centuries-old "tap-toe" bugle call) to raise funds for S.S.A.F.A. when the government vetoed a postwar plan to re-establish the Aldershot Tattoo. His idea was accepted, and the first Searchlight Tattoo at the White City was staged in 1952. Hart's colleague, Brigadier Robert Stott, who looks after the administration, says: "We depend for profits on the last show. This year, with the Spahis—the French Algerian cavalry—taking part, we're running for an extra two days."

Hart insists that the Tattoo should always start and finish at the advertised time. One of the difficulties he has to overcome is how to move "props" in and out of the arena in the intervals. He achieves it largely through improvisation. In one combat item, sentries ran into the arena inside the pillbox they were going to defend. A guardhouse, too high for the arena gates, was towed in with its defenders inside raising the collapsible upper storey on pulleys and ropes, instead of erecting it in the arena. A prize offered to the team of helpers who proved quickest in laying a painted canvas canal reduced the time to ten seconds.

Gliders in this item flew in suspended from wire ropes attached from the roof to rings fixed in the arena. They could only carry three paratroopers each. Fifty more were hidden in a rock beside which one of the gliders landed. When a searchlight was switched away from the glider, they emerged to join the troops getting out of it.

"This arrangement worked like clockwork during the warm night of the rehearsal," Hart recalls. "But an unforeseen thing occurred during the first performance. The night was cooler, the ropes had contracted and the glider landed yards in front of the rock. Some of the audience saw the troops run out of it and roared with laughter. I felt then that the very elements were plotting against us. We had to have a trial run every single night to position the rock correctly." THE END

The Reluctant Gardener

by CLAIRE RITCHIE

Now is the time, according to the papers,
To weed the paths, thin out the mignonette;
To place a stick beside the plant that tapers,
Nail up the creeper, and the seeds to set
In window boxes; now the time is ripe
To strew some soot around the lettuce tender,
Lest slugs devour it; we should also wipe
The mud from off the leaves of "Ruby Splendour."

Now is the time to tidy up the borders,
To roll one's sleeves up, don one's oldest clothes;
To mow the lawn—according to one's orders—
And roll it afterwards. My spirit loathes
The thought of washing apple trees with lime,
And fixing labels where they need renewing—
The papers all are wrong. Now is the time
To sit and think of all I *should* be doing!

The unforgiven

Continued from page 15

could be expected to take council now.

Ten minutes passed without event.

"This might be a good chance to eat," Cash said. "They're not liable to give us too many good ones, from here on in. Not for a while." He looked for the Kiowas to try a jump at them in about the last of the dusk. He believed they'd want to make use of poor light. And he was certain that no Kiowa was going to leave here yet, unless to bring more. They would never leave the body of Lost Bird lying out there in front, where it was.

Georgia helped Rachel push furniture around, and make a tent of blankets in front of the fireplace, so that no gleam would show outside. They heated nothing but coffee. The boys had to stay on watch and wanted only cold meat and bread, such as could be eaten with one hand.

When each had coffee and a sandwich, Rachel remembered grace. The locusts were going again, out in the limpid twilight, but her low words came clearly through the quiet of the room. "Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for these vittles, the gifts of Thy love. Now guide us, and guard us, and keep us from evil. . . ."

Cash's horse began to paw again, making a thunderous noise on the wooden floor, so that the rest was lost. He was trying to fudge around toward the smell of the water in the barrel by the door. Rachel got him a bucket and fed him a loaf of bread. The animal drowsed after that, well practised in going unsatisfied.

After that Rachel chewed her bread and meat methodically. It seemed dry and sticky in the throat, all but impossible to wash down. But *no feed, no distance,* she was remembering; she made herself get through it all.

The motions of feeding people brought a hard ache into her; too many memories went with these people and this room. The uneasy quiet left time to think, which was the last thing she wanted to do; and she became more miserable the longer the silence held.

They damped out the coffee fire. Cash and Andy opened more loopholes, including two near the floor, at the end of the front wall. These were intended to surprise hostiles who crawled along the foot of the wall, under the other gun ports.

Cash talked over with them how they must fight. He and Andy would defend the battle shutters. No one must fire from the same loop twice in a row. They must put their backs to the wall to load. When they moved about, they must duck under or step over the lines of fire radiating inward from every port. Each man must pocket the cartridges he would need. A lot of their ammunition was out on the range with the wagon, but Cash judged their supply would last the night.

When they were as ready as they were going to be, Rachel and Georgia looked at Matthilda again. She slept so quietly now that they had to bend low to hear her breath. They both felt her pulse.

"It's so weak," Rachel whispered. "Just like a cobweb."

Georgia didn't say anything. Something about Matthilda's pulse bothered her more than its lack of strength. It seemed more of a quiver than a beat. But she was unsure what this meant.

After that there was nothing to do but wait. The last of the twilight was falling very fast.

Andy said: "Maybe they'll wait for the moon."

Nobody answered.

SUDDENLY Georgia moved. She was sitting against the back wall, and now she put her ear to it. She tried to say something, but the words only caught and whispered in her throat. On her next try the words came louder than she meant, so that she startled herself and them all.

"They're comin'!"

In another moment they heard the hoof-murmur coming into the room through the earth of the hill against which the house was built; and soon after they could hear the horses outside, all round them.

"Well, I'll be a son of a buck," Cash said, nonplussed.

Rachel ran towards Matthilda's room; Georgia went to the north lookout slide.

"Leave that shut," Cash said suddenly. "Rachel—plug the loops in there, and come here. Andy—block the ports at that end. I see this now."

They obeyed him, closing the ports by knocking home wooden plugs, fitted long ago. Outside, the hoof-rumble rose and rose—an approach so unquiet that it must certainly have been meant to be heard.

"Damn fool that I am!" Cash told himself he ought to have guessed the hostiles would try to break in the quickest way.

Only the door and the two windows overlooking the Dancing Bird offered openings big enough to admit a man. Except for gunports, the bedroom where Matthilda lay had only some slits near the roof, to give air. What Cash had imagined was a crawling, swarming attack—Indians along the walls where the guns could not reach, Indians digging under, Indians all over the roof.

The Kiowas could dig through the thick turf with hatchet and ironwood lance, making their own gun ports, until the place bristled with guns pointed inward. They could breach the walls and come pouring in; they could level the house to the ground.

First defence against this kind of an attack was to pick off the Kiowas as they rushed, before they got tight to the walls. If Cash's cowhands had been here, instead of bumbling around somewhere with a bunch of wet cows, they might have fought off the whole Kiowa nation. As it was, with only one gun

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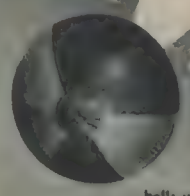

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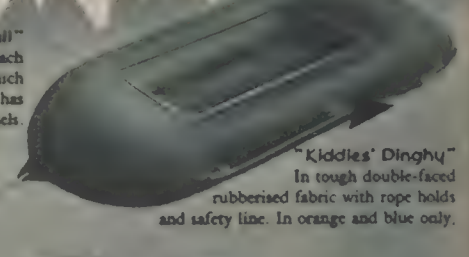

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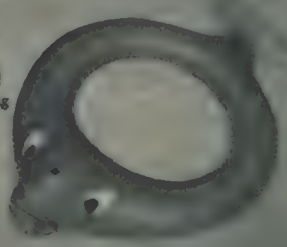

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to the side, their chief hope was to hurt enough Kiowas to make the others quit.

But Cash now saw that he had wrongly imagined the whole thing. Mounted warriors could do nothing against walls; they could only create diversion and confusion while delivering a badly aimed covering fire for a dismounted attack. They would not bother with that against so few, if they were coming from all sides. The attack would be frontal, against the shutters and perhaps the door.

He now posted Georgia and Rachel belly-down with cocked carbines at the low ports in the front walls, near the ends. If their ports darkened, they must fire, for Kiowas crawling along the base of the wall must pass these ports to get to the shutters.

They were barely in position when the war cries broke the night wide open, very near and all at once, an incredibly loud and inhuman yammering. A file of mounted warriors streamed across the front of the house, firing raggedly but continuously.

Except for an occasional slug that splintered through a shutter, little was to be feared from this kind of fire. Andy and Cash several times raised their carbines, but lowered without firing. The Kiowas were riding close, too close. Some hung on the far sides of their ponies, but even those who sat straight up, firing coolly, whipped past the ports too fast for a shot. What Cash did not want was to bring down a horse. A dead horse would make a redoubt at too close a range.

The riders were circling the house now, reloading as they passed behind, and the war cries never ceased. A warrior wearing a buffalo-horn headdress pulled out of line and stopped his pony in the open, signalling to the racing circle with his shield. Cash and Andy fired together and a scalp flew off the Kiowa's shield. The rider seemed to fall on the far side of his bolting pony, but he never hit the ground.

"No good," Cash said. "He took cover, that's all."

"Those black and yellow bands," Andy said. "In his warpaint——"

"That was Seth," Cash confirmed. "Wolf Saddle is the one painted up with black and red snakes. Seems like he dropped out of this last round. That one I put a crimp in, down by the creek, was Fast Otter, I think. Look sharp, now, Rachel, Georgia!"

The circle of racing ponies went on unbroken, and the war cries screamed continuously all round the house. Bullets still slammed into door timbers, and the gunfire out there made the ears ring. But nothing was hitting the shutters now.

Now Rachel's carbine crashed.

"Get him?"

"My loop's still blocked." She fired again into whatever lay against it. Then they heard Georgia's carbine go, at her port near the other end.

"Good girl," Cash said.

An axe, swung by an enemy who stood in the protection of the wall, was splintering into the shutter where Cash waited. He had an answer to that. He coolly studied the angle of the axe blows, then struck the wall nearby with the butt of his Colt. A shard of plaster fell, revealing an opening the size of a half dollar. As he fired through it, the axe blows ceased.

At the other window the whole frame loosened and the shutters cracked and bowed inwards under the impact of a boulder no man should have been able to lift. A split opened down the middle and Andy fired through the crack at a shadow beyond.

And suddenly that was all. The mounted Kiowas circled a few times more, but their fire was thinning. Then both gunfire and war cries stopped. . . .

Matthilda had slept through it all, and still slept, making them believe now that she might never wake.

Lost Bird's body was gone, when the three-quarter moon came up, but they could see no other dead. Scoring up, they believed that three more Kiowas had been hit, one of them hard. Andy still believed he had touched up Seth, but Cash didn't think so.

They feverishly carpentered the broken shutters, finding out how hard it is to get anything done right in the total dark. When that was done, not much was left to do but wait.

Cash was encouraged, cocky even, because they had come through a full-out assault without any hurt. "See how easy?" he said. "I misdoubt if there's a Horse Indian alive knows how to fight against walls. If they can stand getting shot, we can sure stand pulling the triggers, just as long as they want to keep up."

None of them really believed their position was as good as that. But they did begin to feel that maybe they had some sort of chance.

They talked about whether Cash's cowhands would hear the firing, far off where they were. Cash didn't believe they could hear, not at worse than twenty miles away. Besides, wet cows were always losing their calves. When you choused them around in bunches, nothing else could bawl so much. Cash doubted if you could hear the world fall down.

A little later Cash wondered out loud if the Rawlins boys were liable to come looking for their sister. Georgia thought they might. "Along about late tomorrow afternoon."

Rachel didn't speak his name, but Ben was the one she hoped would come. He could have been back by now. He ought to have been back.

Ben, Ben, aren't you ever coming home?

Maybe he wasn't. Papa had proved to them, four years ago at Witch River, that the Zachary men didn't always come back. . . .

For three hours they waited, ready to fight again, but no more attacks came on. Cash concluded that the enemy would hold off now until the last darkness before dawn.

He tried to make the others get some rest. They remained fully dressed, their carbines in their hands, and either Cash or Andy prowled the ports by turns, watching the prairie by the light of the young moon.

No one could do more than doze. They knew the Kiowas wanted them wakeful through this part of the night, so that morning would find them fumble-handed, but they couldn't help it. They stayed strung-up anyway, just as the enemy wanted them to.

A little after midnight a bullet came wowling from the north ridge and broke a little pane in the blocked north look-out. Ten minutes later a rifle whanged from the creek, chugging a ball into the door. During the next couple of hours seven or eight more shots were fired, at irregular intervals and from various directions. It was the same game, to keep them from resting when they ought to rest.

Two hours after midnight, all action ceased, and the night was still. Now the Kiowas would give them every chance to go sound asleep, in time for the next assault. . . .

Cash had them all up at their loopholes long before the first greying of the sky, but now the Kiowas fooled him again. Daylight came clear and strong. The sun came up, and the locusts began winding up, after sleeping out the cooling of the dry land between midnight and morning. And no attack came at all.

Matthilda waked and, though she was very weak, seemed immeasurably improved. Georgia made her a few spoonfuls of gruel and it stayed down. In their unbounded relief they let Matthilda lead them back to the theory that she had suffered nothing worse than a severe siege of indigestion.

Intent upon keeping his people up to scratch, Cash allowed them only a cold breakfast; but the sunlight outside and the increasing warmth of the summer morning were favourable to the illusion that the worst was over.

Cash seemed partly puzzled, partly suspicious, and was beginning to show a curious disappointment. Finally, turning impatient, he threw open the outer door and stood exposed upon the stoop, his carbine in his hands.

Nothing happened. He led his horse out, mounted bareback, and rode it down into the creek to let it drink. Andy and the two girls stood ready at the portholes while Cash did that; but still nothing broke loose.

One thing at least was wrong. The up-horses were still in their corral. It was inconceivable that the Kiowas should have left them unmolested, unless they were coming back.

CASH turned out all the horses but two, which he fed and watered. "Nice big dust strung out to the west," he reported when he came back to the house. "The near end of it is settling down; the head end of it looks about twelve miles away, and getting farther, like as if they're all heading back into the caprock breaks . . . only that dust looks just a little bit too big and plain to me. They don't need to raise that much. It's more like the dust you might make dragging brush behind you, in the right places."

"And I better light out, dragging some brush behind me in the right places," Georgia said. "Your maw's all right now, far's I can see. I got to get home—before my old lady runs *me* into the caprock breaks, neck and neck with them Indians."

Cash had to think about that a while and he was in a quandary. Best thing to assume was that, whatever Kiowas seemed to be doing, they weren't doing it. The big fat trail they were laying out there to the west had all the look of a full-scale draw-off—so it wasn't. They would be back again in the first dusk, and tonight would see the hard attack, beside which last night's attempted surprise would have been only a feel-out.

The safe and sure pattern of defence was perfectly plain. Cash knew he ought to keep Georgia right here where she was, and let old Hagar fume as she might. Georgia was every bit as valuable as a man.

They ought to fetch a few buckets of fresh water from the well by the creek, then spend the rest of the day strengthening the shutters and the door. They could brace these with heavy props, using the floor planking, if need be, and pegging fast to the joists, until no ram the Kiowas could devise would take effect.

And the root cellar should be ruggedly sealed off. It had an air hole to the surface, plainly visible and easily enlarged—a tempting entrance for the first buck who set eyes on it.

Cash thought that, now that they were all battle-tested and had the hang of it, the four of them could probably hold out for ever, with only these simple improvements.

If the Kiowas started a serious and organized job of digging, that might be another matter, but it was so unlikely that it hardly need be considered. Some Indians were getting hurt. At least one, and maybe three, not counting Lost Bird, had been killed in action. Tonight they would hurt a few more. The Kiowas wouldn't stay with a losing deal like that for more than one more night.

Cash believed they would round up as many horses as they could find by

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STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 24

by Commander Douglas Duff

First steamship vanished from history

THE tugboat Charlotte Dundas, plying on the Firth-Clyde Canal in 1802, is commonly thought to be the first practical steamship. But, according to some ancient records found in Spain, the Charlotte Dundas was almost 260 years behind the times.

Captain Blasco de Garay, of the Imperial Navy of Charles V of Spain, was possibly the father of the steamship. The engines which he invented drove the 109-ton, three-masted caravel Trinidad on June 17, 1543, say the records—although historians have been unable to find definite proof.

The papers, found at the small castle of Simancas, in Castile, stated that the Trinidad steamed at four and a half knots in Barcelona Harbour. The inventor's influential friends at court had triumphed over his equally powerful enemies by winning permission for him to mount his engines in the caravel.

Despite the protests of the ship's master and owner, workmen installed a tall, slender funnel, whose saw-toothed crown jutted higher than the foremast to which it was secured. Beneath it they built a brick hearth to heat a vast cauldron filled with water.

From this ran a maze of pipes to a large box bolted to the planking immediately beneath the break of the poop. From the box, axles stretched to the great broad-bladed paddle wheels, one on either broadside.

When all was ready the Imperial Court gathered to watch. Thousands of terrified citizens flocked to the water's edge as the Trinidad thudded past, her tube-like funnel belching red-hot cinders and grey wood-smoke, steam hissing and roaring from her pipes, water boiling thunderously in the cauldron, and her revolving paddles threshing the water and throwing white spray high into the air.

She turned and made the reverse run—and steamed herself right out of history.

Nobody knows what happened, though the records of 1543 carry a full account of that first steamship's passage down Barcelona Harbour. All that is certain is that Blasco de Garay was promoted to admiral, given a huge grant, and retired to a small estate far inland.

Perhaps it is wise to note that other records of the period also tell of the experiment in the Trinidad—but report that, instead of the steam engine, there were in the ship fifty men turning the great paddles.

DUTY—2

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.

Bernard Shaw

You never know with shrimps

by DON EVERITT

The succulent shrimp is a fickle character. Fishing for it is chancy and often unrewarding. "Even at night," says Skipper Darley, "they can see you coming"

JACK DARLEY quickly put the shrimp boat hard astern. The rope trailing the Onward's net across the bed of the North Sea had suddenly tautened and the boat had stopped. Darley, a shy whale of a man who has spent all his working life catching shrimps, swore under his breath. The net had fouled an obstruction.

With the rope slack, he carefully turned the boat about and steered back along his course, hoping the net would free itself. Instead, the rope tautened and stopped the Onward again.

Darley and his crew of two now tried to haul in the net, using the boat's capstan and brute force, but it would not budge. They decided to forsake the catch and haul the net backwards off the obstruction by the rope attached to its marker buoy. But even this did not work. For three hours the three men toiled to recover their tackle, manoeuvring the boat, trying every trick they knew. A fishery protection vessel arrived and Darley had the rope from the net fastened to the ship's steam winch, which could pull five tons. But still the net would not move.

Darley, who has grown used to the vagaries of shrimping, philosophically cut the rope, leaving tackle worth £150 on the sea floor, and set course for Boston, Lincolnshire, and home.

"Most likely the net had caught on some uncharted wreck," he says. "After working daily on the shrimp grounds for years, we like to think we know where all the wrecks are, but every now and then the sea seems to throw a new one up just to confuse us."

Shrimping is a tough and erratic coastal industry which in 1955, the latest recorded year, netted a total catch worth £190,000 to the fishermen and weighing more than five million pounds. Half of this came from a score of small ports around Britain, from Annan in Dumfriesshire to Dungeness in Kent, where many inshore fishermen dabble in shrimping; the other half came from three ports on The Wash—Boston, King's Lynn and Fosdyke—where fewer than a hundred men make the hunt for the elusive shrimp a whole-time occupation.

The Wash fishermen supply the London wholesale market, Billingsgate, with ninety-five per cent of its shrimps. "A lot of people think of Morecambe, Lancashire, when they talk of shrimps," says Jack Darley, "but there they don't catch in a week what we in Boston bring home every day. To meet the summer demand we send shrimps to the seaside resorts, including Morecambe and the Lancashire coast, because they can't catch enough themselves."

A forty-three year old fair-haired giant with a quick, gruff voice and the looks of a younger Charles Laughton, Darley skippers one of fourteen shrimp boats working out of Boston this season. Since the war, the port's shrimping fleet has diminished almost by half, largely because of the severity and uncertainty of a job which, unlike others in the fishing industry, does not have the security of government subsidies.

"It's not uncommon in this game to work twelve hours in bitter North Sea weather and all through the night for next to nothing," says Darley. "Twice on Onward last season we lost our nets. Sometimes we haul in the net thinking we have a good catch and find instead boulders weighing half a hundredweight . . . anything but shrimps."

Not long ago Darley found, after trawling for two hours, that he had a net so full that it threatened to break. With care and patience the three men in the boat brought the net to the surface and found it packed not with shrimps but with mussels and starfish. They could neither bring the net over the side of the boat nor tip out the unwanted catch. In all they struggled with it for five hours, eventually slashing the net until enough mussels fell out for them to manhandle it on to the deck.

Sometimes the fishermen haul in their net and find in it only pieces of twisted metal which

A haul comes aboard. Jack Darley (right) and his crew drag the net on deck. They might find shrimps—or bits of wreckage

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

until it was straight overhead. A haze that appeared to be made of pure light crept half-way up the sky from the horizon, increasing the glare.

And now they saw the horsemen in the sky.

This country produced mirages every day, in the summer heat, but today's mirage was different from any they had ever seen before.

Andy saw it first, and stood astonished for a moment, before calling to Rachel.

Across the sky, miles above the land, rode a file of horsemen, tall beyond natural proportions, on horses of a fantastic length of leg. They seemed to come wavering into existence from the east, moving at a walk across the sky until ten were in view at a time; then the leaders shimmered into nothing as they passed on into the west.

The riders in the middle were the most distinct; you could judge them to be Indians, for some seemed to carry shields. Neither size nor distance could be judged. Except for their long legs, the horses could have been six feet tall at the quarter mile; or maybe they were a quarter of a mile tall at fifty miles.

About twenty ghost riders had passed when the whole thing became indistinct, and disappeared.

They had heard of things like that, yet Andy seemed shaken. Rachel would have liked to help him believe the riders in the sky had been a natural thing to see, but she didn't know what to say, for to her they had seemed a sign, of unclear meaning but ominous portent.

A little after the mirage gave out, a loud, dreadful cry came from Matthilda's room. They rushed to her and found her half on the floor. When they lifted her, she lay staring-eyed, unconscious, her breathing hoarse and full of struggle.

It was too late now to try Georgia's brew; they could not expect a chance would come again.

When they had pulled themselves together, they went back to traversing the ridges and the cutbank of the creek with the telescope sight of the buffalo gun, as Cash had wanted. The weapon was an ancient .69-calibre muzzle-loader, once a smoothbore but now rifled for the expanding Minié bullet they called a Minnie ball. So altered, the old gun deserved the telescope sight they had fitted to it, for it took whatever charge anybody dared to ram down it, and its range was fantastic.

Because of its great weight, Andy used the buffalo gun to sweep the land from the higher ports, while Rachel was responsible for the loopholes just above the floor, overlooking the creek. She had put a few sticks of firewood and a blanket at each port, for a gun rest, and she traversed by hitching herself in a quarter circle behind the port, on her stomach.

They hadn't seen anything so far. But now, as Rachel worked the field of the telescope past the base of a cottonwood, she stopped and went back. After a moment she adjusted the great gun carefully upon its improvised rest and looked again.

She spoke softly: "Andy."

He had been chipping with a crowbar at the mud sides of the port at the other end of the room, trying to give it a wider field of fire. His bare feet were silent on the scrubbed planking as he came to her, but the floor carried his tread, so that she knew when he was beside her without looking up.

"Don't even breathe on this," she said, and made room for him. "But quick! Look where I'm sighted."

He spraddle-armed over the gun, glancing along the side of the barrel to place the telescope's tight field, before putting his eye to the sight.

"That wad of leaves is a bust-off branch," she explained, hiding her nervousness. "It's lying on that big alamo root, where the bank cuts under. See where the cross-hairs mark?"

She waited, then, while Andy looked for a long time through the telescope. From the grasshopper-stripped cottonwoods along the creek there came the zinging of the locusts—winding and

metallic and tireless, the voice of the dry heat.

"The cross-hairs," she jogged him.

Andy spoke absently, as if his mind were out by the creek, but he didn't seem to be seeing much. "She won't hit there, you realize. Ben's got her sighted in at four hundred yards; God knows why. She'll overcarry more'n a foot."

"I know all that." Rachel would never handle a gun with the ease of daily use, as Andy did, but she remembered things better and now she was losing her patience. "Did you see it or not?"

"See what?"

"An eye."

He tensed, but in another moment rolled clear of the gun and sat up. "Nothing there now. Sun shows through."

She looked, and it was true. Only a glimpse of bright sand showed at the cross-hairs, where before had been a lightless patch, obscured by close-framing leaves, but presently resolving into part of a dark face.

She thought Andy was going to ask her if she was sure of what she had

DUTY—3

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.

R. L. Stevenson

seen and was ready to snap at him. But he raised no question, so she backed up quite humbly, of her own accord. "Sometimes," she said, "if you look at a thing too hard, for too long, it begins to look like something else. Like, maybe a bird was sitting there."

Andy did not answer. He sat slackly, his eyes vacant upon the floor. "It's changed," he said at last.

Rachel knew without asking that this referred to nothing outside the soddy. Through their silence, under the spiralling zing of the locusts, they were both hearing again their mother's struggle for breath.

Something was worsening. The breathing was louder, and a flat sound had come into it, expressionless and not entirely human, like the impersonal creaking of a door.

Andy raised his eyes and gathered himself uncertainly, as if he would go to Matthilda; but Rachel moved her head faintly and he settled back.

"It couldn't just fall there," Andy said, and again her thought followed his, this time back to the mystery by the creek. "Our trees don't have any leaves since the grasshoppers was here. That's a pulled greasebush, brought from some place, and it wasn't there early on. And it's never been there before. So—I guess you know what it has to be."

She knew all right. But she just sat looking at Andy, her eyes widening a little, and seeming to darken. Her mind was a baulk, weaving like a horse that tries to refuse an ugly jump. She did not want to accept the only explanation there could be, or to believe she had really seen what she knew she had seen.

"That's a blind," Andy said. He spoke slowly and he sounded tired rather than under strain. He seemed to be feeling his way, as if everything that would happen here and everything they must do were parts of a pattern worked out somewhere long ago, so that nothing was left for them but to study out what it was. "They've put it there to spy on us from, without letting on."

Rachel's face came alive as her composure broke, and her words were breathless. "Then they're out there—all around us! Oh, Andy——"

She broke off, stopped by her brother's quick glance of surprise. Perhaps a very great compliment to her was behind his surprise that she could falter, but now she was ashamed by it, and made to get hold of herself. "They're watching us," she said more evenly. "Now. They've come back."

"Beginning to, anyway. Might be they're kind of sifting back, by ones and fews."

Rachel hitched herself nearer the big gun. Her movements were jerky and her hands were shaking as she stretched them to the weapon. "I'll sight her down—fix that overshoot—" Andy would be the one to fire, when the time came, because of this gun's heavy kick. "He's bound to fill the sights again, soon or late."

"Wait." Andy had gone back to thinking, methodically, carefully, wary of hurrying into some panicky mistake. "I question," he said finally, "if it's a real good idea. Maybe they'll bide their time a spell, if we don't seem to know they're there. And time's what we need. Cash is the one we have to make know."

They suspected, in spite of his taciturnity, that Cash meant to fetch home his crew, and maybe even his wagon—by what miracle of hard riding they could only imagine. But eleven men would melt to nothing in a hurry, if they came high-looping into an ambush.

Rachel wanted to try making a smoke. In this still air even a thread of smoke would rise tall and straight into the sky; it would be seen from far away. They could smudge it with wet rags and grease drippings and soak a blanket for sending the smoke up in puffs, lest it be mistaken for a cooking fire got out of hand.

What they had no way to figure, Andy objected, was how their brother would take it. He judged Cash would as lief charge in headlong as lay back; he had been that way all his life.

Anyway, by the time they got through fooling with a smudge and a blanket, the place would be smoked in fit to blunt an axe, and hotter than hell's back oven besides; which hardly seemed right, with Mama in the shape she was in.

They finally decided that the only signal Cash could not very well misread would be a sound of fighting. They would have to fire in bursts, to make it sound real, or it would have the failing of any other kind of signal. Two shots nearly together, then one, at the space of a reload; then wait a while to save ammunition and run it off backwards.

They had not started their clock again, lest its loud tick interfere with listening. But they had a little minute glass they had made for boiling an egg—when they had an egg; its sand was measured to run through in three minutes. Guessing at how far downstream their guns could be heard, they thought they could make do with one burst to every three turns of the glass.

For their first burst they used a Sharp's Fifty, and a cap-and-ball Walker. Then Rachel watched the sand dribble through the minute glass while Andy made the round of the look-outs, to see if the besiegers had reacted. The Kiowas should be able to see that the shots from the house were going wild, as if nobody knew anything, but you could never be sure.

They went on with this for fourteen turns of the minute glass. The sun would set in an hour or more. Out on the cottonwood root by the creek the uprooted greasebush still lay, its leaves curled now by the heat; but the telescope sight had picked up no other sign that an enemy was near.

Rachel was worrying about the wasted ammunition.

"It's terrible how fast the powder burns away. We're doing an awful thing here if it turns out we're wrong."

"Well, we're not wrong," Andy answered her. "How can we be wrong?"

"We haven't a thing to go on but just that one, lone, single sign."

"If you find one, lone, single bear track," Andy said stubbornly, "there has, by God, been a bear."

"Yes. But what if——"

"Listen!" He sprang to a shutter and put his ear to it. In a moment he put his finger in his other ear.

Rachel tried to listen, then went to the bedroom door and closed it softly. Matthilda's breathing was quieter, but now they were trying to hear something that perhaps could not be heard. After a moment Rachel knew what it was. From eastward came a faint whispering that had to be far-off riflery.

Were war cries sounding with the guns? Rachel thought they were. Perhaps she had not really heard them, but only knew they must be sounding, in as big a fight as was going on, somewhere far away.

The distant whisper died away, rose briefly in a distinct rattle, then ceased altogether. They did not hear it again.

"That's Cash!" Andy whispered. "He's run into a fight, way off there."

"No he hasn't. It's something else."

Rachel was voicing no more than a wish. If Cash did not get back, they need not mourn for Cash alone, but for them all. Of course, if the firing had come from a brush between Indians and a couple of companies of cavalry happening along. . . .

"Oh, for God's sake," was Andy's only answer when Rachel suggested that. No cavalry had ever been seen on the Dancing Bird range.

"Seems like you're cussing a good bit," Rachel commented.

"I may stop that. Sudden-like, and all at once. Some time tonight."

Rachel could think of only one thing she could be sure the day had accomplished for them. She did not mention it to Andy, for no dust anywhere gave hope that it was going to do any good. Yet it meant something to her; Ben surely must be one day nearer home tonight than he had been when this sun came up.

Instead, she said: "Cash is all right. He'll come home. He *must* come home. So he will."

To be concluded next week

Running in

Continued from page 17

had virtually abandoned athletics and done no training at all.

To my shame, whenever I met Chris Brasher he seemed to be training harder than ever. Often he pointed out that if I wanted to do well at the Olympics I would have to run regularly. By exchanging tapes from a sound recorder, I corresponded with Franz Stampfl, my former coach, who was now in Australia. He also kept telling me: "You should be training."

I knew that they were right and that I could not afford to give up training for months on end. I had doubts about the wisdom of trying to combine running—which had become of secondary importance in my life—with my TV work, but in January and February of 1956 I did my best to leave the office before midday several times a week and spend an hour or two in training with Brasher.

Luckily, I was not as unfit as I had feared. But I found that after taking hard exercise I could barely keep my eyes open for the late news bulletin at 10.45 p.m.

Towards the end of January I told the press that I was not sure whether I would run for even one more season. In another month, though, things looked different. Spring was on the way, and I thought of the running track with renewed enthusiasm.

About this time I was contemplating leaving I.T.N., and when, in April, the Talks Department of the B.B.C. offered me a contract as a current affairs reporter, I accepted.

My first assignment with the B.B.C. was *Away From It All*, a series of four programmes. The aim was to give a townsman's view of life in parts of Britain which are still remote. I spent six weeks in the Shetland Islands, Hampshire, East Anglia, Oxfordshire and North Wales collecting material, and then a further six weeks filming. All this for four half-hour programmes!

At times the assignment was slow and tedious and I was glad to be able to fit in reports of a more urgent nature for *Panorama*.

I tried while touring the extremities of Britain to find time for some training. During the ten days I was in Scalloway, a village in the Shetlands, I ran every evening over the bleak and windswept hills. The villagers, who were charming and friendly, turned out in numbers to gaze at this weird exhibition of southern insanity. I am not sure that they fully approved when their children began to spend their evenings trotting rather self-consciously around a field above the village where the sheep grazed between a pair of dilapidated football goals.

One day the town clerk, Walter Mowat, a delightful, gentle, soft-spoken man, approached me.

"We would like you to run in the Scalloway sports," he said hesitantly. "It would be a handicap, and the race would be about a mile. How about it?"

I agreed readily, and my decision was duly reported in the local paper. A few days later, a flustered official of the Scottish Amateur Athletics Association telephoned me from what in Shetland is called "the mainland."

"You can't run in those sports," he said. "They are not registered. You will forfeit your amateur status."

"Can't the meeting be registered?" I asked.

"No, it's too late. Anyway," he said, dropping his voice, "I hear they've been giving money prizes in the past—five shillings to the winner."

And so, when the villagers had their annual sports, I remained a spectator in order that my amateur status should be pure and uncontaminated for the Olympic Games.

For one *Away From It All* programme I accompanied Bob Roberts, the skipper of the last sea-going sailing barge, on a trip from the Port of London to Pinmill, at the mouth of the River Orwell. Roberts, a salty character, turned out to be a star performer and a most entertaining companion. He had been all over the world, loved the sea, had read widely and could talk with experience on almost any subject.

After many hold-ups and a thirty-six hour journey, we arrived at Pinmill. I thought I had better take some exercise and told Roberts that I planned to go for a run.

"I was once fifth in the A.A.A. marathon," he said. "I'll come with you."

This was almost too much. There seemed to be nothing that he had not done. He was over fifty, none too slim, and had been standing at the wheel of his barge for twelve hours. Yet there was no dissuading him, and while I ran over the fields he panted beside me. I felt distinctly alarmed as his face turned a startling red and his breath came in short gasps, but he ran with me for five or six miles. An hour later, sitting in a pub draining a tankard of beer, he looked healthy enough and thoroughly pleased with himself. Bob Roberts is a remarkable man. . . .

A few days afterwards I was in Stockholm on a four-day assignment for *Panorama* when a local sports journalist told me that the world five thousand metres record had been broken by Gordon Pirie. He had beaten Kuts and run 3.8 seconds inside the world record. I was amazed. Gordon Pirie was an athlete I had consistently underrated.

Evidently, athletics standards were still rising fast.

It was summer, and I had not run in a race for ten months. My next serious test was to be in the A.A.A. championships. I spent the week before it in Birmingham collecting material for a report on redundancy in the motor-car industry. I had an evening free and went along to the track at Perry Barr. It was closed, but when I called at the manager's house he was kind enough to open up the stadium for me.

I had little idea as to my state of fitness and decided to run a trial three miles. I covered the twelve laps in fifteen minutes three seconds. I was very tired, and when I realized that at that pace I would have finished almost a lap and a half behind the winners in the championships, I felt that I had been wrong to go on with athletics. It seemed hopeless.

There was no backing out at this late stage, however, and a week later I was in a group of thirty-odd runners lined up in the White City at the start of a three-mile race. I knew that Derek Ibbotson was the man to watch. After three or four laps he took the lead, and I tucked in behind him, trying to relax every muscle that was not needed, trying to keep my mind on something else.

It seemed strange to be going through it all again. In a little less than a year I had almost forgotten the sensation of a big race. Slowly the creeping fatigue that a distance runner gets to accept settled on my limbs. My legs felt stiff and heavy. It was hard to breathe. But ten laps were gone, Ibbotson was slowing, and once more I felt the sudden excitement of competition, the evaporation of fatigue.

I bided my time, waited until there was only half a lap to go, and then pounced past him. But the feeling of exultancy that makes running worth while was not there. In the last fifty yards Ibbotson, whom I thought had dropped behind, drew level. I struggled to accelerate, but as we crossed the finishing line I was a foot behind him.

I had never run a major race with so little preparation. For twenty-four hours my legs ached to the bone and I could not sleep. All the same, my time had been a good one—Ibbotson is one of the best half-dozen distance runners in the world—and I was quite confident that in four months I should be fit enough to give a good account of myself in the Olympics.

Through the rest of the summer I was able to train more regularly. *Away From It All* got a good reception and, more important in these days of competition in television, good viewing figures.

Most of my running was done with Brasher who, after several years of easy-going enjoyment of athletics, of fitful exploitation of an apparently modest talent, had resolved to pour into it his undiluted energy. His early races, nevertheless, were distinctly unpromising, and in the A.A.A. championships he finished a distant and exhausted third. I knew that he would not be spending so much time on athletics unless he felt that he could be among the first three in the Olympic steeplechase, but at this rate it did not look as if he would be selected even to travel to Australia.

He was chosen only as a reserve for an international match against Czechoslovakia which was to be held in August, and it seemed that there might be no chance for him to prove himself before the Olympic team was selected. Half the secret of Brasher's ultimate success was his careful planning—but in the best-laid plans an element of luck is needed. That August, it turned out, was his lucky month. Eric Shirley suffered some minor muscular injury and had to withdraw from the match. Brasher became the substitute.

On the day of the match I was again in the Shetland Isles. Radio reception there was poor, but I twiddled hopefully with the knobs.

"The runners are at the start of the three thousand metres steeplechase," I heard the commentator say. "Disley and Brasher for Britain and . . . ."

There was a crackling and then nothing. I went on twiddling desperately and managed to hear an occasional snatch.

"Brasher is lying third and looks rather tired. . . ."

Well, that's that, I thought. After all the training he has done, he won't go to the Olympics.

But a few minutes later the wireless, which I had almost wrecked by then, sprung miraculously to life.

"That was a magnificent race," said the commentator. "A very close finish between Brasher and Disley, and Disley's winning time was a new British record."

I knew that a close second in such a time must mean that Brasher would be selected for the Olympics.

My own running went better. I ran in a number of races, my eyes set firmly on reaching a peak at the time of the Olympics. I ran against Ibbotson again at White City, Manchester, and beat him in a fast finish to a mile race. I felt that things were going well.

In September—two months before the Olympics opened—we flew to Budapest for a match between Great Britain and Hungary. I was competing with Ibbotson against Sandor Iharos, the world ten thousand metres record-holder, and Szabo, also a leading distance runner.

"If Chataway cannot put up a good performance today, he can give up the idea of wasting time and money by going to Australia," remarked a sports columnist with relish. "And with Iharos in his present form, he may get a thorough mauling."

The People's Stadium in Budapest is a vast, frightening structure in the ponderous "monumental" style of Soviet architecture. In bright sunshine, Iharos set off at a pace well

MY SISTER Liz

It was my sister's proud boast that nothing could frighten her. Liz, as she was called, was very determined, and once she had made up her mind she was hard to stop. One day she became so furious during one of our squabbles that she threatened to throw a piano stool at me. Mother shouted a warning that the stool would hurt me and would most likely break a window, but Liz took no notice.

The stool caught my arm as I dodged out of danger and, as predicted, crashed straight through the living-room window. Liz, however, thought it well worth having her pocket-money stopped to pay for the damage. She had made her point and taught me a lesson.

People would always listen to Liz. One day at school the teacher invited the class to ask questions on any subject. Liz promptly asked for a talk on politics. When the surprised teacher protested that the subject was too complicated, Liz jumped to her feet and gave the class a twenty-minute lecture.

Although Liz has always been good at talking, her singing voice was terrible. When she was chosen to play a dormouse in a local amateur production, she was delighted to learn that she would be able to sing a chorus with the other dormice. She practised night and day, but at the dress rehearsal the producer shook her head sadly as she listened to Liz. When the play was performed, all the dormice were singing lustily, except for the fattest one in the centre who had strict instructions to mouth the words but not to sing a note aloud.

Liz liked school and although she was plump she could run faster than anyone else. When we visited relations who lived about a mile away from our house we all travelled by tram except Liz who claimed that tram journeys made her ill. Instead of riding in comfort, she raced along the pavement. No matter how quickly the tram went, Liz always managed to be waiting for us when we reached our destination.

Her large appetite was a family joke. Mother often left lunch for us in the oven and one day we came home to find a huge casserole of meat and vegetables and a milk pudding. With only a little help from me, Liz finished it all.

Mother was amazed to discover that her daughter had managed to devour a meal that was intended as lunch and supper for all four members of the family.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 31

DUTY—4

In matters of duty first thoughts are commonly best.

Cardinal Newman

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chew P.K. Chewing Gum,
with the fresh, lively flavour,
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within world record time. But after eight laps both Ibbotson and I were still with him. From the inside of the track Igloi, the Hungarian coach, shouted something to him. He slowed immediately. Evidently he had given up the attempt to drop us and would reserve his energies for a fast finish.

The three of us cantered slowly round—Szabo was by this time far behind—and each waited for somebody to "break." I had plenty of energy in hand and was as near to enjoying a race as I had ever been.

Then we were on the last lap. I was in the front "free-wheeling"—and waiting. Two hundred yards more. There was a sudden roar from the crowd and I knew that the battle was on. It was Ibbotson who flashed past me. Close behind him I sprinted around the last bend, accelerated in the final straight and overtook him to win by three or four yards. Iharos was a further thirty yards back.

It was a pleasant victory, and I was filled with hope for the Olympics. Derek Ibbotson, with his usual frankness and freedom from false modesty, said: "I think I should have won, but I made my burst too early."

It was hot and I was thirsty. I wandered over to the bar in the stadium and ordered a bottle of beer. Before I could pay, two smiling but ragged Hungarians put money on the counter.

"You are British and *we* will pay," one of them insisted.

They told me their story. They had spent five years in a Russian forced labour camp in the Crimea. One showed me how from a blow dealt by a Russian guard he had lost an eye. They spoke slowly and distinctly in German, and despite my meagre knowledge of the language I could understand them. I was amazed by what they dared to say. It was utterly different from anything I had experienced in an Iron Curtain country before. They did not lower their voices. They took no trouble to conceal their hatred for the Russians.

In the evening I had dinner with the daughter of the British Minister and her fiancé. They showed me something of Budapest. The once-beautiful city was drab and dirty, its buildings still pitted with bullet holes made in the war.

I was due in Blackpool the next day to cover the Labour Party Conference for TV and had to travel back overnight by way of Vienna. My friends took me to the railway station. It was in an almost unbelievable state of decay and disrepair. Passengers wandered over the rails. Many of them, I was told, were leaving Hungary for good, with hard-won visas in their pockets. There were sad little groups saying goodbye. Clothes were shabby. People looked worn and tired. Old women in shawls were weeping as the train pulled out.

I was in Melbourne when, three weeks later, I heard of the rising in Budapest. Brasher and I had travelled out to the Olympics in advance and were staying with Franz Stampfl. As the news came in from Hungary and from Suez, we fretted at the inadequacy of Australian newspapers with their succession of contradictory reports, and felt uneasy at being on the other side of the world at such a time, caught up in anything so irrelevant as a sports meeting.

It seemed impossible that in the tense international atmosphere the Games could be carried off amicably.

The Hungarians arrived—a quiet, dishevelled team. Igloi was among them. Although I had seen him in Budapest only recently he looked ten years older. I had never spoken to him about politics, and had imagined till then that he was a staunch Communist.

"I have always hated the Russians," he told me. "In London last year I heard you asking about conditions in Hungary. I wanted then to butt into the conversation and tell you, but it would not have been prudent."

He was wearing a black stripe of mourning across the badge on his blazer jacket.

"Now I do not know what I shall do," he went on. "I suppose I must go back. My family is still there. But I am a marked man. They all know in Hungary that I was for the revolutionaries."

In the end he stayed in Australia. Throughout the weeks in Melbourne it was painfully evident that his mind was not on the Games, passionate athletic enthusiast though he was.

When the Russians arrived they got a frigid welcome. Trouble was expected, but in fact, apart from their vicious water-polo game with Hungary, there was little bitterness. With the number of international fixtures there is today, leading athletes meet each other too often to suddenly alter their attitudes to one another. Whatever the country of Vladimir Kuts, for example, had done, I could not look upon him as anything but the simple, honest, likeable soul he had proved himself to be on former occasions.

Controversies at the Games were minor ones. The commandant of the Olympic village, a Welsh Australian, complained to the Russians that all their communications to the organizing committee were in Russian.

"Could you not, for our convenience, write them in English?" he asked.

"No," was the reply. "We must write in our mother tongue."

Three days later, the Russians received a letter about camp catering arrangements in a language that was untraceable and mystifying.

"What is this?" they asked.

"It is Welsh—my mother tongue," replied the commandant.

From then on the Russians communicated in English.

While in Melbourne, I heard to my surprise that the Guild of Television Producers had voted me the TV personality of the year. Why I was termed a personality when I was in fact a reporter baffled me. It made me wish all the more that I was at home to join in the mass of news reporting to be done in the Middle East and Central Europe.

As it was, Brasher and I trained every day. Things went well and both of us recorded times in training considerably faster than we had ever achieved before. It was all much easier with no other work to do. Training was the centre-piece of the day instead of being relegated to a spare couple of hours in the evening.

I had a little muscle trouble, and one day the masseur advised me to run slowly for a few miles to locate the pain exactly.

As I jogged round the track with my thoughts concentrated on my legs, trying to determine just where they hurt and where they did not, it occurred to me that this was indeed an odd way to be spending my time. But by the day of the five thousand metres the muscles were in full working order and I felt almost confident that I could get near to winning.

The reason for my failure I shall never know. At the half-way mark I was in the leading group with Kuts, Ibbotson and Pirie, feeling relaxed and comfortable. The rest of the field of fifteen was strung out a good way behind us.

On the seventh lap the muscles of my diaphragm seemed to be contracting. There was a sharp pain in my stomach. For a few hundred yards I kept with the leaders. The cramp grew to an intense agony. I felt, as I had never done before, dizzy and on the verge of collapse. I realized dimly that I was no longer with the leaders, but that I was merely jogging.

The rest of the race was a nightmare. The field streamed past me and I progressed at little more than a walking pace. I discovered at the finish that I was eleventh.

Kuts was first in about the time that had been expected. He won by a comfortable margin from Gordon Pirie, with Ibbotson at a respectful distance in third place.

I felt very ill and bitterly disappointed. My first thought was what a ghastly waste of time had been the hours I had spent pounding round fields and tracks throughout the past six months.

Gordon Pirie was charming, taking considerable trouble to raise me from my deep depression. "You can never tell what's going to happen next in this sport," he said.

Geoff Dyson, Britain's chief athletics coach, a man with whom I had very often not seen eye to eye, also did much to be consoling. "You can't complain," he declared. "You have had a lot of good races and a lot of luck."

Gradually I came to realize what a tedious sport athletics would be if it were predictable.

I was delighted at Derek Ibbotson saying with complete seriousness: "If Pirie hadn't let Kuts go, I think I would have beaten them both. As it was, Gordon beat me only because I made my effort too soon in the last lap."

I laughed—but stopped abruptly. To laugh sent a stab of pain through my wretchedly defective stomach. In fact, my stomach continued to ache for a good ten days and I never discovered what was wrong with it.

My performance was a poor omen for Brasher, I thought, as I sat between Bannister and Stampfl in the Press Stand the following day and watched him at the start of the three thousand metres steeplechase. He seemed nervous; his complexion appeared slightly yellow.

After three laps he was towards the back of the field.

"He looks heavy and lifeless," said Bannister.

I agreed. I could not see him doing anything.

Stampfl was the only optimist. "Just wait," he said.

There was a wind blowing and the leaders, who had borne the brunt of the race, were flagging a little. With two laps to go Brasher was in the front group, pounding steadily on. He was looking no better, but no worse.

He moved from fourth to third, and from third to second. Then, with three hundred yards to go, he shot into the lead, striding out, arms driving back and forth. It was no longer a race. He was one of the easiest winners in the Olympic Games.

Coming up the final straight, and clear of the field, he took a quick look behind him.

"That twenty yards of empty track was about the most gorgeous view I have ever seen in my life," he said afterwards.

There followed the dreadful moment when it was announced coldly and without consultation that Brasher was disqualified. The names of the first six were run up on the results board and Brasher's was not among them. Two hours of waiting followed while the Committee of Appeal met and deliberated. But we were sure that all would be well in the end, and it was.

With Brasher we went off to the best dinner that Melbourne could produce. Disappointment at my own miserable performance vanished.

This climax to the partnership which Bannister, Brasher and I had forged seemed a just and satisfactory one. First, with some help from us, Bannister had achieved his ambition of a four-minute mile. Then, tired of acting only as a pace-maker, I had, with their assistance, enjoyed some successes in my own right. Finally, although it is only now that he will admit it, Chris Brasher had become impatient with a secondary rôle and, by hard training, intelligent planning and clever tactics, had scored the greatest triumph of all.

In 1960 there will be another Olympic Games—in Rome. I have no desire to compete, though I would like to watch. Standards I believe will be much higher than they are now.

The winners will have thought about nothing else and done nothing else but devote themselves to their sport throughout the preceding months and years. I think it likely that Chris Brasher will prove to have been the last part-time "athlete for fun" to win an Olympic Gold Medal.

THE END

"What a fraud these driving tests are! I passed mine only two days ago"

MY SISTER LIZ

See page 29

Mrs. Bessie Braddock, M.P., is the famous sister of Mrs. Enid Sharp

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Daisy girl

Continued from page 9

shade they sat down and Daisy unpacked the carrier.

There were cucumber and egg sandwiches and two lemon curd tarts and a jar of raspberries, and lemonade. Daisy ate heartily and, when they had finished, she lay back on the grass, a little drowsy. He lay back himself after a while, and they were silent.

After a few minutes he was aware that her breathing was soft and regular, and turning sideways saw that her eyes were shut. He said softly: "Daisy, are you asleep?"

She did not answer, and he watched her for a minute or two, inexplicably relieved that she was asleep, and yet disappointed, feeling his sick excitement beginning to ebb. Cautiously, he took her small, limp hand in his and, holding it, lay back again.

After a long time, he sensed the sun coming round, and from somewhere far away a church bell struck. He sat up and looked at the watch in his jacket pocket. Five o'clock.

"Daisy," he said softly. "It's five o'clock."

She made no motion. He watched her quietly; the heavy, pronounced eyebrows; the blouse rising and falling. There was raspberry juice round her mouth. Then a slight flicker made him glance fractionally up. Her eyes were half open, and she watched him quietly.

His heart gave a tremendous lurch, and he felt the colour flood his face. She must have seen him looking at her. He said, with dry lips: "You've got raspberry round your mouth."

"Have I?"

She made no other movement, her brown eyes continuing to watch him through half-closed lids. He didn't know if she was offended; he couldn't tell what she was thinking. He said gruffly: "Shall I wet your hankie in the stream, and you can rub it off?"

She did not answer for a long moment, and then she withdrew her hand from his. "If you want," she said. She sat up and combed her hair, while he went to the stream, and when he returned she wiped her mouth, looking into a mirror from her handbag.

She was silent and remote from him, and he fell into a panic of embarrassment and humiliation, not knowing how to retrieve the situation, how to explain that he had not meant to give offence—that he had watched her with something like reverence?

They spoke little on the way back through the woods and, when they got to the tram queue, his cup of bitterness was full: in front of them he saw an old school enemy, George Wrigley, a large, boisterous youth.

"Now then, Mulhouse," Wrigley said affably, staring curiously at Daisy.

"Now then," he replied shortly. The queue was filing into the tram, and with luck they could separate. But Wrigley and the boy with him went upstairs, and Daisy followed. Gritting his teeth, he joined her in the seat behind Wrigley.

To his exasperation, Wrigley, arm across seat, turned and made conversation all the way back to town, talking about cricket and his firm's outing, and asking about Daisy's home in the country and where she worked; and Daisy, to punish him, he thought, answered with interest.

It was nearly seven o'clock when he left her at the shop and took his way miserably home.

She was still a little cold with him during the next day or two, but he managed to mask his disappointment in a gentlemanly manner, even when she told him on Thursday that she could not come to the first day of the fair with him. Her auntie was not very well and she had promised to stay in. But she would come for an hour or two in the afternoon on the second day, Saturday.

"Don't you go taking any other girl," she chaffed him.

"You know I wouldn't," he said, as gallantly as his resolution allowed. "I'll stay in and do my book-keeping lesson."

But when, on Friday evening, he sat

"I'd like to tell my wife what I think of her"

in his room, he could not concentrate on the lesson. He could hear the steam organs from the fair, and he felt restless. He thought he might take a walk down there; not to go in—that would be a slight betrayal of Daisy somehow, who had to sit at home with her auntie—but just to look at the glitter and stretch his legs.

He had to pass the baker's shop on his way, and he was astonished to see Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, in their street clothes, stepping out of the door.

"Now then," Mr. Mallory said with a friendly shake of the head. "Not at the fair?"

"I've been busy," he said; and then added, with a curious sinking feeling as he gazed at the hale, bony figure of the baker's wife: "Are you a little better now, Mrs. Mallory?"

"I'm right as ninepence, as I always am," she said in some surprise. "Nothing ever ails me."

"Is Daisy in?"

"No, she's off to the fair with Edie Willis. I thought you'd be tagging along, too," Mrs. Mallory said, with a shrewd look at his face in the dusk.

He said good night and continued along the street almost in a trance. His forehead was sweating. A terrible suspicion had dawned on him, and he didn't want to pursue it. He ought to go right back home now and forget all this. He needn't mention it to Daisy tomorrow. But he knew he could not do this. He could not bear not to know.

He walked on to the fair, sick at heart.

He hoped against hope that he would not find what he was looking for. But he did. He found himself pushed into the crowd round the bell and hammer, and some acute, bitter instinct made him elbow his way to the front. He saw Daisy at once; she was in her turquoise costume.

Wielding the hammer was George Wrigley.

He watched as Wrigley, in his shirt sleeves, struck the block three times, ringing the bell each time. A cheer went up from the crowd and Wrigley, red-faced and smiling, handed the hammer back and turned to Daisy. It was only then that he saw she was holding Wrigley's jacket. She helped him on with it, and Wrigley said loudly: "How's that, Daisy girl?"

"Strong man!" Daisy said, with mocking admiration.

"I thowt I busted my braces the last time," Wrigley said, and Daisy put back her head and laughed. And then Wrigley, hot and happy, put his arm round her waist as they wandered off.

He could scarcely believe what he saw. It seemed part of some horrible nightmare. He was being jostled by the crowd, and he moved off. He didn't know what to do. What if he confronted her? Might Daisy not be so embarrassed that he would destroy utterly what there was still possibly a chance of saving?

As these disordered thoughts went through his brain, he was walking numbly in the direction Daisy and Wrigley had taken. He came on them idly watching a penny-rolling booth. They had their backs to him and he would have turned and slunk home, but at that moment both of them turned together in a swinging, friendly way, and faced him, and he stood where he was.

Daisy's mouth opened with shock.

"Now then, Mulhouse," Wrigley said, half friendly, half derisory.

"Hallo, Daisy," he said quietly.

"Hallo." Her voice was rather guilty, rather pert. She said nothing more, however, and because of this and a certain cheap quality he noticed for the first time in the pertness, he felt a return of warm blood, a re-grouping of his forces.

"Managed to get away, did you?"

"Auntie felt a bit better, and George—George Wrigley was passing the shop and she said I might go with him for an hour or two."

"Aye," he said dryly. "I just met her. How's Edie?"

Daisy's mouth opened, but she said nothing this time, and Wrigley, taking her arm, said: "Well, now, Mulhouse, you shall have your turn tomorrow. Leave us be now."

So Wrigley knew that, too. The knife turned again in his stomach, but now he did not feel numb with despair, but instead warm with a rich, coursing anger. He put his hand on Daisy's arm and said: "You've not played fair with me, Daisy."

"Take your hand away," Wrigley said. "I'm talking to you, Mulhouse."

He heard the menace in Wrigley's tone; but in a curious way he welcomed the hinted-at violence. He said to Daisy: "Have you nothing to say?"

Daisy was silent: she looked at Wrigley with some alarm. In the same moment Wrigley shoved him. It was quite a hard shove in the chest and he stumbled backwards. And then the top blew off his anger.

He flew at Wrigley, striking out wildly and furiously, and the bigger boy, astounded, staggered back. Daisy stepped aside quickly, shocked and frightened, and Wrigley, grunting murderously, recovered himself and caught his jacket. Wrigley held him with one hand and punched his head, very hard, with the other, three, four, five times. When Wrigley let go, he fell down. The whole fair lurched, the naphtha flares swinging up and down. His head throbbed as if he had run into a tree.

On his knees, he saw blood from his nose dripping on to his hands. The whole front of his face seemed to be swelling out. He got to his feet, saw Wrigley with legs apart and stumbled at him again.

He didn't know how many times he was knocked down; four or five maybe. He didn't care. In the few minutes since Daisy had turned with guilt and shock in her face, all his native forces of doggedness and persistence had taken control. Now, hurling himself at the solid, triangular figure of Wrigley, he fought against all the things that had made him weak and unhappy and full of self-doubts.

"That's enough, that's enough!" Wrigley shouted in distraction at last. "Stop it, will you? I've got no quarrel with you. That's the end of it."

But it was not the end of it, until Wrigley had turned and gone off.

Daisy stood in the ring of people. Her face was white and horrified, and she stepped forward and helped him to his feet, dusting down his clothes. Through sheer weakness he allowed her to do this but, when they had stepped aside into a less crowded part, he pushed her hands roughly from him. And then he walked away.

He couldn't bear Rooper's Bridge after that; couldn't bring himself to go into the shop for bread. He answered advertisements in the paper, and three weeks later he left home. . . .

Mr. Mulhouse saw this entire incident, eight or nine weeks of his life, in the few moments it took the doctor to pour the brandy and set down the bottle and raise the glass to his lips. And again, with his mouth open, he marvelled at this miracle of time and memory; that the simultaneous experience of his five senses should be recorded so faithfully and locked away in some part of his brain, and be available after sixty years.

Wonderful life, incredible life, thought Mr. Mulhouse with a tremendous lifting of his spirits. Humiliation, he saw now, had made him bury the experience deep in the recesses of his brain. But he could smile now at the humiliation. And how could he feel harshly of darling Daisy, who had only wanted kisses and cuddles, and would have had them from him if she could?

He had not dared to give them, and had sought in her things she herself could not give. And in the end both had been true to themselves. For he saw quite clearly in this embryo self the reserve and the doggedness and persistence that had set him on his path and kept him to it; a unity of character and a sense of destination that time and a faltering memory could not affect.

"Cheer up," said the doctor, drinking his brandy, and misinterpreting a certain seriousness which now came over Mr. Mulhouse's face.

"I don't need to," he said, smiling; and now bethought himself of his manners. "What was that quotation you mentioned a moment or so ago?"

"Quotation?—Oh, *tempus edax rerum*," the doctor said, gratified.

"What's that in honest English?"

"'Time that devours all things'."

"'Time that devours all things'. . . . Indeed it does, indeed it does," said Mr. Mulhouse, thinking: *Indeed it doesn't*. What nonsense! Time could not devour these things in his head, his life's experience. And when he died, time died with him. Who then was devoured?

There was a wistful smile on his face as he thus agreed with the doctor. But his mind was far away.

The swooning heat of that summer's day in the meadow sixty years ago. And Daisy, delicious, drowsy Daisy, a true daughter of Eve, lying in the clover, her little bosom swelling the blouse with turquoise stripes. Daisy lying eternally in that meadow, never a day older than sixteen as long as he lived. Daisy girl. THE END

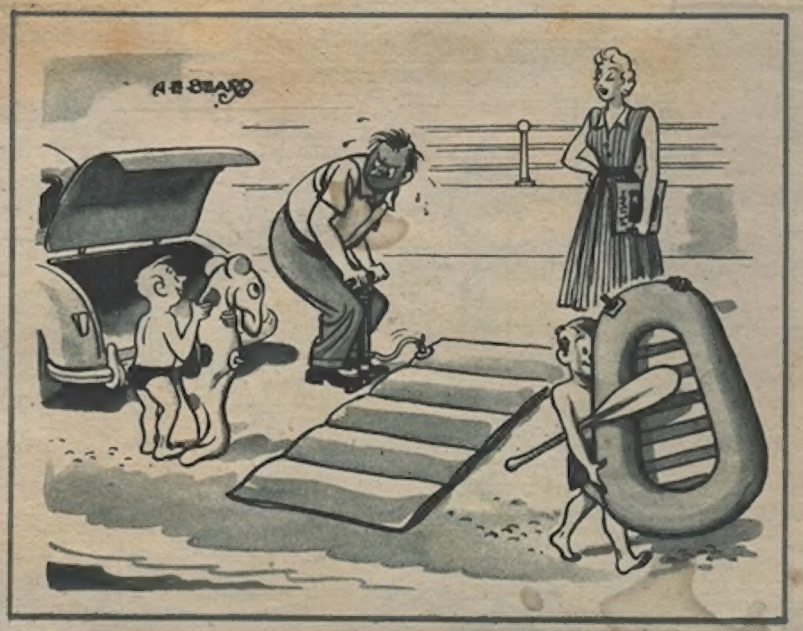
DUTY—5

You would not think any duty small if you yourself were great.

George Macdonald

Could you last in big-time tennis?

Continued from page 13



to play. He, too, visited Bill Tucker earlier this year and I know that he decided to curtail his early season playing activities in the hope of squeezing in yet another season before it became too late.

Tennis elbow can come on quite suddenly during a game, beginning with a pain in the elbow which gets rapidly worse and leads to swelling on the outer side of the elbow joint. Bill Tilden used to say that all players were likely to get it but that bad stroke play would produce it more quickly, because of the strain on the elbow if the arm is not in the correct position when the racket makes contact with the ball.

Even doctors do not agree how tennis elbow is caused, but the most likely cause is inflammation of the sac of tissue between the elbow joints, which contains fluid, and is there to lessen friction. If tennis elbow is neglected it soon becomes impossible to grip a racket without severe pain, and after a time the victim cannot even turn a key in a lock. Very often rest with the arm in a sling will cure it, but in more acute cases heat treatment is the best answer.

Heat and the other treatments worked wonders with my own arm. After five weeks it was sufficiently improved for me to start tennis again, at first very gently in ten-minute spells, then in minor tournaments. By November I was playing confidently at the Torquay indoor tournament and in December I won the British Covered Court Championship at Queen's Club. I was still conscious of some stiffening in the muscles of the right forearm, and Bill Tucker advised me to have manipulation under anaesthetic, so that he could clear the adhesions which were continually forming in my joints. The treatment was successful and by January I was back on the courts, practising hard.

For me, it was like the beginning of the season—a time when those who play tennis strenuously can expect minor leg injuries. Torn ligaments or ruptures of the muscle fibres in the calf often occur before the leg muscles are properly tuned up. More severe ankle injuries are common at tennis, too, and are frequently the result of accidentally stepping on stray balls during play. Tony Pickard dislocated an ankle bone at the Cumberland Club in this way.

But all went well with me and I made up my mind to accept a two-month Caribbean tour starting in February.

I still needed daily massage and this was quite a problem. In Colombia I had to be treated by a masseur who spoke no English at all. Fortunately, I found an experienced and competent woman masseur at Palm Beach where the original trouble returned.

On March 16, when I was due to play in the Everglades tournament, I awoke with my right wrist swollen. It was not so distorted as it had been in Orange, and I tried to forget about it and went off to play the young Mexican champion Yola Ramirez. I played abominably and quickly lost 8—6, 6—1, but when I came off the court and unwrapped my bandaged arm I realized why. I could not move my wrist without pain. This, I thought, is where I came in.

"Your wrist is void of all fluid at the moment," explained the masseur. "If you continue to play with it in this state, it will go from bad to worse. You must rest it and give the fluid time to refill." There was nothing for it but to pack up and return home.

Now I know that complete mental and physical rest over a period of months is the only answer to an injury such as mine which has been caused through over-strenuous tennis. I remember Louise Brough having acute tennis elbow in 1951 and trying to play through the Wimbledon tournament. In the semi-final she lost her title when she was beaten by Shirley Fry. But a few years later, having had a lot of rest at varying intervals, she came back magnificently to beat Beverley Fleitz in the 1955 final.

I have had a plastic armrest made and wear it during the day while I am at work. And I'm learning to play tennis all over again with my left hand. This was an odd experience. The first time I tried it, the racket seemed too heavy and my feet were always in the wrong place.

Now it is easier and I look forward to a season with friends of a different playing standard, but people who play the game for fun—as it was surely meant to be played. THE END

Take care of your sister

Continued from page 19

again. Then she called. "Come, Jappie. Come quickly."

The boy sprang to her side.

"The clouds," his mother said. "A few minutes ago they were not there."

"Clouds!" Georgina shouted. "Clouds! Rain!"

Jappie said: "It is an answer to our prayers."

"Let us pray again," his mother said.

They knelt on the mud floor of the house, but stared through their open fingers at the clouds.

If only it would rain! The rest of the stock would be saved, a hundred out of the five hundred goats and sheep they had had. And Pa would bring back some of the cattle from the north. They would not all have died.

Johanna knew how near they were to disaster, how little stood between them and nothing, how fine the line that that divided them from *bywoners*, from poor whites; from men who worked for others and who were not free.

For this was their passion—freedom of space and calling no man master.

As if in answer to her prayer, the little clouds came together, driven by the shepherd wind. The sky darkened to the colour of lead. There was a pink glow behind them. The wind was increasing. The leaves on the trees were turning up their white undersides like the white bellies of dying fish.

It was a rain wind.

It grew colder, much colder. There would be hail. The trees whipped and leaves were torn from the branches. The branches were torn from the trees and came off with strips of bark attached like skin.

But the children—where were the children?

"Jappie! Georgina!" she called.

Only the wind answered her.

She called the boy in the kitchen. Jappie had taken his horse. She knew what he had done. He had gone to get the sheep into a cup in the hills. There would not be time to bring them home and, if they got chilled now, more would die. Crouched out of the wind, nothing would hurt them.

Jappie would see to it. The herd boy was a fool. She thanked God for Jappie, for a boy who was a man.

Up in the mountain, Jappie had the sheep and goats safe. They were in a cup in the hills, in the lee of the wind, huddled close and warm. He left the herd boy his coat and turned his horse. It was growing colder and he shivered. He patted his horse's neck. Its skin was matted with dry sweat.

"*Kom, kom,*" he said. "We must get home."

The little buckskin skidded down the mountain path, sliding almost on his quarters. What a good little horse he was! His pa had said buckskins were always good, hardy, tough. "Choose that one," he'd said, when he told him to pick a horse. "Choose him and break him for yourself. A man should train his own horse so that he becomes one with him."

There was the house nestling at the foot of the mountain, its thatch like a hat over it. The force of the wind hit him now. He was open to it. The buckskin staggered with its force. How long would it be before it rained?

He put the horse in the *kraal*. It was sheltered by a belt of thorns. He gave him some mealies. There weren't many mealies left but the buckskin had earned them. *Ja*, never had a horse earned his supper better. Jappie went into the house from the back.

His mother met him. "Thank God you're back," she said.

"The sheep are safe," he said.

"Sheep?" she said, as if she had never heard the word.

"*Ja*, the sheep, Ma. Bedded down and out of the wind."

"Georgina," she said. "Have you seen Georgina?"

"Georgina? No—where is she?"

"If I knew——"

"I will find her," he said. "Give me a coat."

His mother reached for a coat hung on a nail. Jappie went out into the storm and the door banged behind him.

Georgina! This time he'd really beat her. For some reason—out of habit, perhaps—he had taken his gun. It comforted him to feel it in his hand.

He called: "Georgina! Georgina!" into the wind. And the wind took his call, tearing it out of his lips and throwing it away among the rocks.

It was only late afternoon, but the sky was almost black. Along the horizon there was a line of red, sweeping dust running away from the black hail that pursued it.

He had seen it often before; first the little white clouds; then the big dark ones and the cold wind driving the red dust before it; then the rain, or the hail, came almost navy blue behind it.

It was no use calling. He must trust to God. He took the mountain path. He must find Georgina before the hail struck. He must find her.

"Georgina! Georgina!"

Then he saw her, plodding upwards on little fat indefatigable legs that moved up and down like tiny pistons. Her head was bent forward as she leaned into the storm and her long hair was blown out to the side by the same wind that tore his voice away from him when he called.

"Georgina! Georgina!" he called again.

He looked up at the mountain at the Sentinel rock. Georgina seemed to be making for it. The lookout, his father called it. But it did not look now as it ought to look. This Jappie had learned from hunting with his father, to look for the strange, the odd; something where it should not be.

On the pinnacle he saw the great baboon watching the plains below—Chaka, silhouetted against the sky; Chaka not a hundred yards away.

Jappie sat and raised his rifle, resting his elbows on his knees. He had the big baboon in the sights.

WHAT a day! Georgina was forgotten. He'd got his father's stock into safety—and now he'd kill Chaka. The .303 that would make him a man, a real man with a man's gun, was his. He could not miss.

Then he lowered the muzzle. There was Chaka, but beside the baboon, not ten feet away, Georgina was settling herself to watch the storm; Georgina and Chaka, both sitting watching the rain sweeping towards them.

To shoot him would be like shooting a man. The baboon knew the rain was coming. It would save his people too.

Suddenly Jappie saw the baboons as people, as men. He thought of the mothers with the babies on their backs, and the watching, guarding males.

There would be no rifle now. He had shot his last baboon. Chaka, who could have torn his little sister to pieces as if she'd been a rag doll, was sitting quietly beside her.

Blue lightning split the sky. The thunder clapped, echoing in the hills as the lightning spat into the ground, and still neither the baboon nor the child moved. Georgina was not afraid of storms, but generally baboons were terrified.

Chaka turned and saw Jappie in the glare of a new flash. They looked at each other.

"I will not hurt you, Chaka," Jappie said.

The baboon barked at him and slipped down the rock. Jappie left his rifle and began to climb.

"I'm glad you've come," Georgina said.

"And what are you doing here, you naughty girl? I should beat you. *Magtig*," he said, "I should beat you black and blue."

"No," she said, "do not beat me. I came to see the rain come. It is fine to sit and watch a storm with a friend."

"Friend?" he said.

"*Ja*, Jappie. *Ou Chaka*, old Chaka, is my friend. I often come and talk with him."

"You knew I wanted to kill him?"

"*Ja*, but I was not upset," she said. "He is too smart for you."

"I should beat you," Jappie said.

She said: "You often want to beat me, Jappie."

"I should beat you," he repeated. "Ma will beat you."

"No," she said. "Everyone will be too happy to have me safe."

He knew she was right. He knew he had found something better than a rifle. He had found his little sister. And she had saved him from a crime.

Now Chaka would lead his people away back into the high mountains. Now his father would be turning the cattle towards home. Now the dam his father had built in the hills would fill. Now he must take his sister home.

"*Kom*," he said, "come home." And under the wing of his coat he led her back through the hail that had begun to fall.

When his pa came back, they would start again with what God had left them; he and his pa. His pa was not alone any more. They were two men. He did not need a rifle now to prove it. He was a man. THE END

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Skipper Ike	Television Indigestion
Wreckage By The Roadside	No Joke
Like Champagne	In Alfie's Class
Tower Of Strength	She Just Loves Flowers, So
Lovely Weather	Presumably
The Good Things Of Life	On Shrimpington Pier
Stopping And Starting	Still Free
Jones's Yacht	In The Sunny South

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above

Good Enough For.....	That .....Habit
The Palace.....	Not Much .....
The Splash.....Made	Where.....Fails

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 27, for early news of No. 2,098 result.)

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